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SEPTEMBER 10, 1973

TIME

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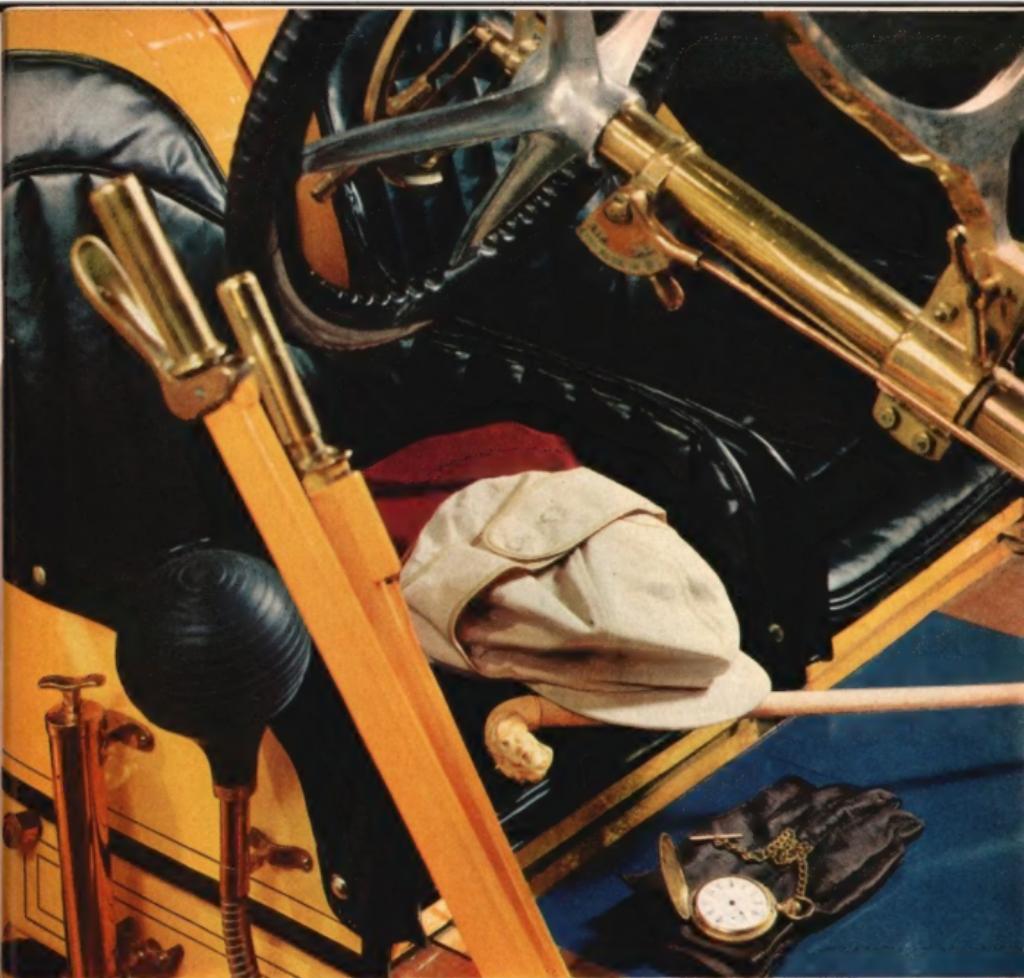
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...the Specialist in enamel printing papers
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Armco added water to an old recipe.

Now it's paying off in a better way to shape steel.

Armco research engineers have made a discovery about the shaping of steel that could affect many of the steel products you buy: your car, washer, dryer, outdoor grill—and many more.

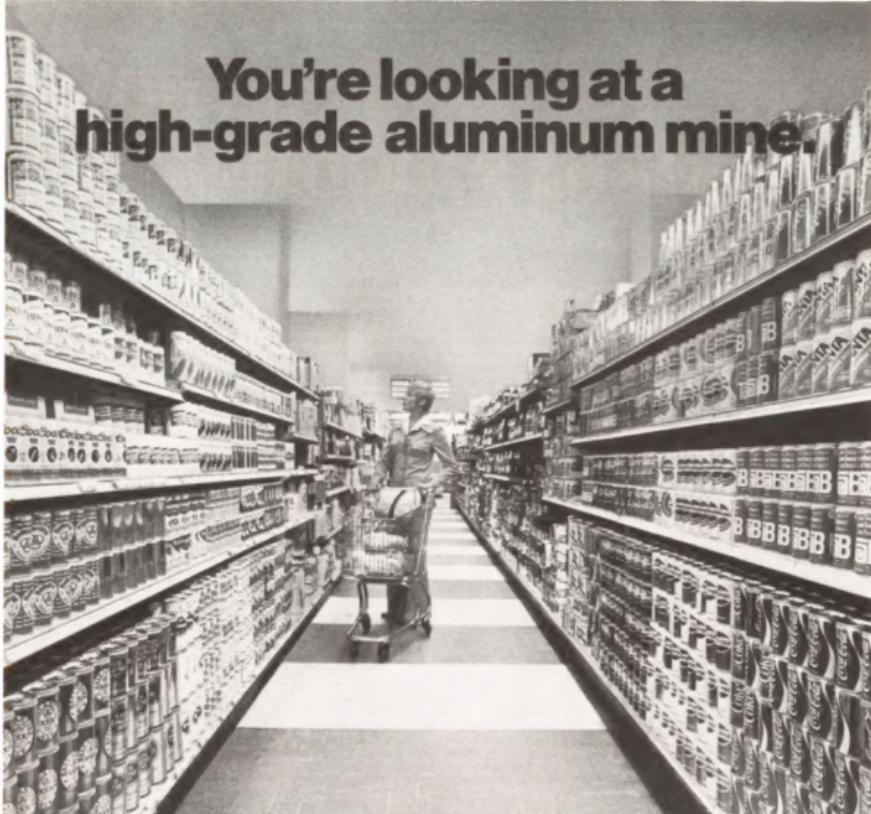
When manufacturers of these products convert sheet steel into special shapes, the steel often rebels. As it is formed in a die, it may split or develop strain marks. The manufacturer who can eliminate these problems reduces his scrap loss, increases his productivity, and lowers his cost.

With Armco's new development, the die cavity is filled with water. Then, as the steel is pushed into the cavity it forces water out, but leaves a cushioning film between the steel and die surfaces. This cushioning is the key to what we call the Armco AQUADRAW Process. It promises a good answer to troublesome scrap problems, and it gives manufacturers an opportunity to push steel to limits never before possible.

The AQUADRAW Process is another Armco idea that is paying off...for our customers and for you. Armco Steel Corporation, General Offices, Middletown, Ohio 45042.



ARMCO



You're looking at a high-grade aluminum mine.

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And when you recycle aluminum, you save energy. It takes only 5 percent of the energy it takes to make it the first time.

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There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it: it's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly. It's plentiful, too.

Alcoa is buying back used aluminum cans that have been collected through reclamation centers in many communities. We are buying them back be-

cause aluminum is a very practical material to recycle.

Alcoa is doing something to help conserve our natural resources. We would like to tell you more about it. Write for our free brochure on energy and aluminum. We'll also send you information on how one community established its reclamation program.

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Aluminum:
Pass it on

 ALCOA

LETTERS

The Restoration of Trust

Sir / Your Aug. 20 cover asks "Can Trust Be Restored?" Yes, but we will have to wait until Inauguration Day 1977.

DEAN P. BLANCHETTE
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sir / Until Nixon's Aug. 15 speech, it was possible that trust could be restored, and I hoped for it. After the speech, hope had vanished. Mr. Nixon wasted his last chance.

So long as he denies trust in the people's response to truth openly told, he cannot be trusted.

EDWARD J. FENCE
Homestead, Fla.

Sir / If trust is restored, just wait. It too will become inoperative.

KEVIN LEACH
Quincy, Mass.

Sir / I believe that since the press and the media took that trust away, it is time they restored it.

SALLY R. CLAYTON
Sioux Falls, S.D.

The Long Awaited Speech

Sir / In what was considered his greatest opportunity to recover the mantle of decency for his office, President Nixon again failed us as a nation. Indeed, in his Aug. 15 speech, Mr. Nixon exhibited his most common and dangerous mistake to date—underestimating and, hence, insulting the intelligence and perception of the American people. How are we to depart from our "obsession with the past" when the President's obvious lack of courage and candor makes the events of Watergate a recurrent shadow upon our present—and future?

SHARON DORSEY
Randallstown, Md.

Sir / In the wake of the President's Watergate speech, I reject even the thought of his impeachment! Let him hang there "twisting slowly, slowly in the wind" for three more years.

ERVIN MEREY-KADAR
Sylvester, Ga.

Sir / I was deeply disappointed and disturbed at Mr. Nixon's attempt to equate the abuses associated with Watergate with the civil rights movement of the 1960s. The actions of the 1960s were public breaking of laws by marchers and demonstrators willing to go to jail for their actions. The purpose was not to subvert the law but to openly demonstrate its injustice. The burglary, perjury, obstruction of justice and illegal wiretapping connected with Watergate were done in secret with the purpose of subverting the democratic process. When the President of the U.S. is so ethically blind as to be unable to distinguish between the two, I fear for America.

(THE REV.) WILLIAM L. WELLS
Pittsburgh

Soppers in the Shadows

Sir / Now might be a good time to look at the other side of the Watergate coin. To get specific, I am suspicious of the current attack on Vice President Spiro Agnew [Aug. 20]. The attack seems too well planned and all too well timed. I suspect that this is a calculated political effort by the media to lynch

Agnew, even before a grand jury convenes. Is it just possible that a Democratic team of sappers is already fighting the 1976 campaign in the shadows?

THOMAS B. GIVENS
Renton, Wash.

Sir / *Eti tu, Agnew?*

FRED FEINGOLD
Hollis Hills, N.Y.

Sir / Is Nixon 1,000% behind Agnew?

SAM SERLIN
Chicago

Sir / Until recently Vice President Agnew criticized the press for its probing attitudes, not only during the current mess but in regard to other problems faced by the Nixon Administration. He was literally trying to abolish the idea of a free press, as provided for by the Constitution.

It is really ironic how, after all the criticizing, Agnew runs straight back to the press to use it to prevent his own downfall.

MIKE FANNING
San Antonio

Impeachable Offense

Sir / I was pleased to find that you had consulted my book, *Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems*, for light on the question "Can Nixon and Agnew Be Tried?" [Aug. 20]. But I regret that you attributed to me the view that the "double jeopardy clause might preclude prosecution for the same acts that caused a President to be removed from office." This suggests that I regard an impeachable offense as criminal in nature, from which it follows that a subsequent prosecution by indictment would be barred.

I sought to demonstrate the contrary: impeachment is prophylactic, confined to removal, and does not require a criminal offense. If, I argued, the constitutional provisions were read to require a criminal offense for removal, then a second prosecution would be barred by double jeopardy.

RAOUL BERGER
Concord, Mass.

Home to Minnesota

Sir / I enjoyed your article on Minnesota [Aug. 13]. I suppose it is true that we can never go home again, but I do thank you for taking me there for a few minutes.

CARL D. KNUTSON
Bakersfield, Calif.

Sir / Minnesota may be the girl you marry, but Florida is the girl with whom you retire.

MRS. MICHAEL F. CONNOLLY
Miami

Sir / Minnesota may be the northern part of heaven, but I believe that North Carolina is the southern part.

MARTIN LEDER
Clinton, N.C.

Sir / You might have been describing Atlanta, my state, and my neighbors.

PAUL D. GEIGER
Atlanta

OK for T.A.

Sir / I was shocked at your depiction of transactional analysis in such a way as to suggest that it is superficial and belongs to

the pop-psychology category of psychotherapy [Aug. 20].

Transactional analysis is being practiced by some of the most distinguished members of the psychiatric profession, who are getting important results.

WARREN D. CHENEY
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir / During the period that I was the director of a naval industrial-relations department, I knew of and shared in the T.A. programs. I found them to be of great value in assisting us in the improvement of human relationships. The direct language of T.A., uncluttered with technical jargon, was one of Berne's great contributions to psychiatry; people quickly appreciated his meaning and soon made use of his ideas.

KENNETH G. LAVIOLETTE
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir / Using T.A., a recent pastoral counseling situation took me five hours in two sessions. Former methods, relying on my college-major studies in psychology and my advanced training, would probably have taken six months.

T.A. has just one thing going for it: it works!

Of course, some psychiatrists are yelling. If you were losing business at \$50 an hour, wouldn't you?

(THE REV.) WILLIAM HUNTER
The United Methodist Church
Coxsackie, N.Y.

The Sierra Club and Secession

Sir / Your article on Alaska [Aug. 20] treated the Sierra Club rather unfairly, focusing upon the exaggerations and extreme statements made by conservationists, and airing the industrialists' side of the controversy.

The Sierra Club does not oppose "progress and growth," in Alaska or any-

MOVING?

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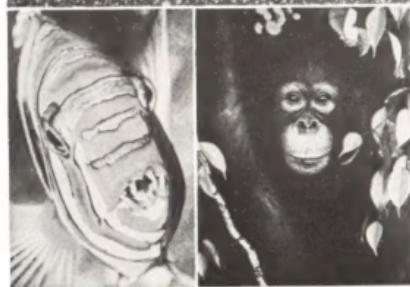
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amazing universe**

... that gave birth to an
extraordinary planet

... that was able to produce
350,000 different kinds of plants

... and one million different kinds
of animals

... that live and die, struggle
and adapt, and all the while depend
on each other for survival.

The **LIFE NATURE LIBRARY**
invites you to explore
THE SEA
where life itself began
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brimming with life in unimaginable variety...



This is the universe . . . perhaps some 10 billion light-years wide . . . where comets fly, supernovae explode, galaxies are born and die . . .

. . . and this is a tiny speck of it, the planet we call earth . . . a strange, wonderful, and improbable world . . .

. . . so cold in spots the temperature plunges to -140° and the ice sheet is 9,200 feet thick . . . so warm in others the temperature has reached 136° in the shade . . .

. . . and where nature decided that, despite the cold, despite the heat, despite everything it was possible to win out in a million ways . . . life that probably originated here in the sea . . .

. . . where it flourishes today even at depths of six miles . . .

. . . life that moved onto the land . . .

and always changing, experimenting, reaching . . .



. . . and took wing . . .

. . . all depending on (and making possible) a variety of association from tiny flowers to massive redwoods . . .

. . . existing in an intricate chain that relates every living thing on the face of the earth . . .

. . . groping for new and better ways of survival . . .

. . . survival largely by instinct . . .

. . . and, in one of nature's most amazing creations, survival by imagination, by thought, by the intelligence of the human brain that is able to read this right now!

it's the story of nature as only  could tell it!



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The Sheraton-Waikiki American Express Hotel-of-the-Month

Waikiki is the most famous beach in Hawaii. It may be the most famous in the world—for many reasons. One of the newest (and most beautiful) is the Sheraton-Waikiki.

You can walk into the Sheraton-Waikiki and not be sure you're inside. Even in the 1,900 rooms and luxury suites, each with its own private lanai, the grass-green rugs and sky-blue ceilings help bring Hawaii in through the sliding glass doors.

The 5 restaurants and 5 cocktail

lounges do the same.

The Prow Lounge touches the sands of Waikiki Beach. From there you can watch the surfers catching waves at a dozen places off the beach.

The Hanohano Room touches the sky. It's 31 stories above the bay, and enclosed on two sides by glass. The breathtaking view spans 90 miles from the island of Maui, past Diamond Head, to the far reaches of Ewa Beach and Barbers Point.

Even the artwork in the hotel is completely original. No prints or reproductions hang anywhere in the hotel. That's part of what makes the Sheraton a Sheraton.

Nine and a half acres of lush Hawaii surround the hotel, gardens, lawns, two sparkling fresh-water pools, one of Olympic size. And a glistening stretch of Waikiki Beach itself.

One thing not at all unique about the Sheraton-Waikiki is that it welcomes the American Express Card.

The Card is honored all around the islands for entertainment, sightseeing, surfboard rentals, shopping.

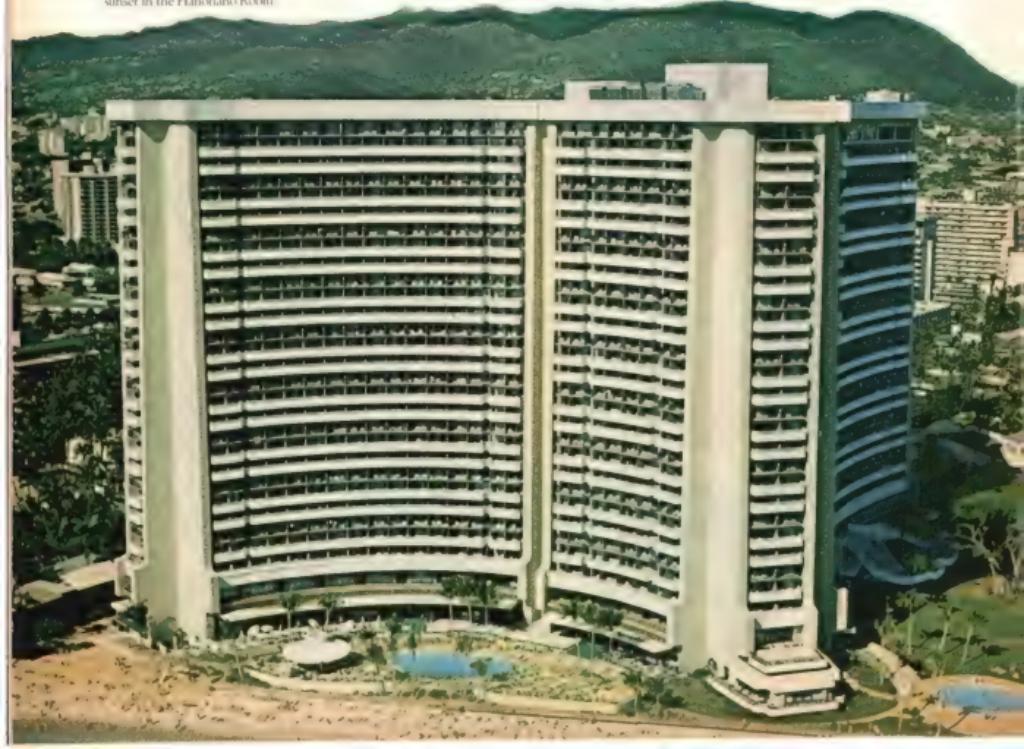
If you don't have the American Express Card you can pick up an application at most Sheraton Hotel and Motor Inns. There are 300 of them, in 27 countries around the world.

Each Sheraton is an original, designed to be different from all others. Yet all have some things in common: a dedication to service, a commitment to comfort, and a welcome for people who carry the American Express Card.



AMERICAN EXPRESS

Luminous summer dishes
and a flaming Hawaiian
sunset in the Hanohano Room



where else. We do oppose the construction of the Alaska pipeline on the grounds that alternative routes were not adequately studied, nor were sufficient studies done relating to possible hazards resulting from the trans-Alaska pipeline's construction.

SUSAN MARSH
Seattle

Sir / Speaking of the current secessionist movement in Alaska, can you imagine the consequences had Washington tried to tell Texans in the '30s that they could not lay oil lines across their state for fear of the effects upon the mating habits of the jack rabbit?

GEORGE H. RENEAU
Lafayette, La.

Sir / Alaskans, before you totally dismiss the conservationists, look at the Great Lakes, the Miami River, the air in Los Angeles, and at Newark and Philadelphia refineries. We "lower 48" have fouled our nest. Please learn from us.

KEN PUTTER
Jupiter, Fla.

Segovia on Tour

Sir / Your report that Andrés Segovia has retired and stopped giving concerts is incorrect [Aug. 20].

Mr. Segovia is definitely not retiring; he is contracted to tour North America for a minimum of eight weeks from Jan. 11, 1974, with recitals in major cities throughout the country.

WALTER PRUDI
Vice President
Hurok Concerts Inc.
New York City

It Inouye Stans to Reason

Sir / It is un-Dean-iable and Stans to reason that the unconscious events outlined in your Watergate I summary have most Americans doing a slow Byrne. One need not Hunt for evidence that power tends to corrupt; it is Strachan throughout your recount—the apparent motive being the desire for Moore power.

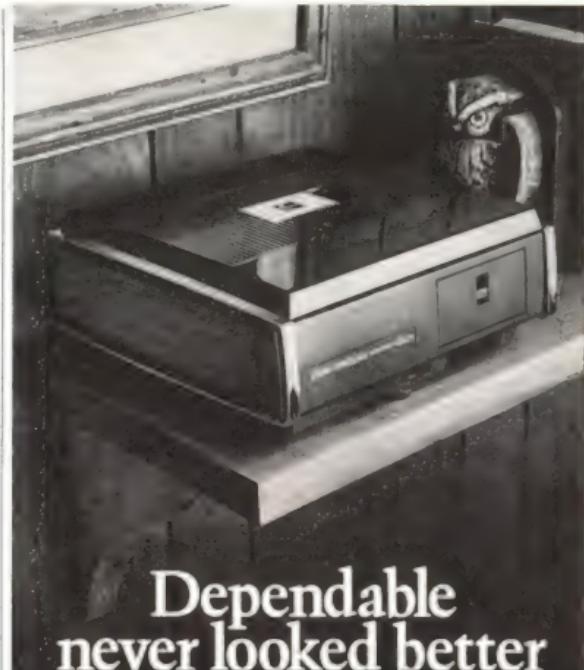
How deplorable that no one said Nixon on the whole shoddy scheme. May the culprits, those now eating Krogh and especially the machinators, learn to (La)Rue their acquiescence.

The immediate future may look Gray, but when the Haldeman(ton) is settled with better men at the Helms, the country will Kalmbach to more serene times.

SARAH MONToya
Monterey Park, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building,
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Look at both sides of this Kodak Carousel custom H projector. On the outside, it's as handsome as a costly stereo. So you don't have to hide it somewhere between shows. (Note the smoke-tinted dustcover that snaps on in place of the 140-slide tray.)

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Sept. 10, 1973 Vol. 102, No. 11

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Et Tu, Junior? (Cont'd.)

When 14-year-old James H. Gronen of Boulder, Colo., was disqualified two weeks ago for rigging his car with a secret electromagnet to win the 1973 All-American Soap Box Derby, it seemed that he was a boy whose all-American ingenuity was exceeded only by his guile. Now it turns out that his uncle and legal guardian, Robert Lange, founder of a ski-equipment firm called the Lange Co., taught him all he knew. In a letter to the derby director in Boulder, Lange said not only that the mag-

netic nose "has been around for years" but that he had to urge it on his nephew because so many others were cheating too. "Anyone participating in derby races with eyes and ears open would soon learn, as I did, that rules have been consistently and notoriously violated by some participants without censure or disqualification."

Officially approved axles have frequently been altered, said Lange, and trim has been added for the sake of ballast. The customary limit on construction costs is \$75, but Lange once had an offer from a professional car builder at \$2,500. As for the rule that the boys must build their own cars, Lange said, "It is common knowledge that it is next to impossible for any eleven-year-old boy or girl to build a racer that can win."

Some of these charges might be true, said Boulder District Attorney Alex Hunter, but he added: "The letter just floors me. It's impossible for me to understand how a man can say, 'I suggested it. I accept the responsibility, the reason I did it was that it was the only way the boy could win.'" Hunter has filed charges against Lange in juvenile court for encouraging a youngster to violate the law. Possible penalty: one year in prison or a \$1,000 fine or both.

To Bee or Not to Bee

Over the years Congressmen have risen up to denounce a myriad of evils, vice, extravagance and, occasionally, one another. Now it is "honey money." That is how Massachusetts Re-

publican Silvio O. Conte waspishly described payments made by the Department of Agriculture to beekeepers who are compensated \$15 a hive for bees inadvertently killed by Government pesticide programs. Conte allowed that \$15 did not seem like much, but he pleaded with his colleagues to "look at the size of the claims submitted under the program, and you will get a taste of what a honey of a deal Congress has created."

The trouble is, said Conte, that the claims from various beekeepers were paid without first checking to see if the dead bees expired from "pesticides, old age, arthritis or too much high living." He singled out one apiary in Mayhew, Miss., that he labeled "the queen bee of all recipients in 1972, waxing the taxpayers for \$457,000." A spokesman for the apiary admitted that it is hard to tell just how bees die, adding, "The least little thing kills them." But Congressmen have tender hearts. Despite Conte's complaints, the program has been extended another four years.

Judgment on Conspiracy

The scene has become almost a ritual—a new group of shaggy-haired defendants accused of conspiracy to commit some form of sensational violence, then a weeks-long trial featuring the testimony of paid Government informers, and then a jury verdict of not guilty. Cleared of all charges last week by a federal district court jury in Northern Florida after only four hours of deliberation were the so-called Gainesville Eight, seven members of Viet Nam Veterans Against the War and one non-vet. They had been accused of conspiring to disrupt the 1972 Republican National Convention—by means of, among other things, incendiary devices fired from slingshots and crossbows.

As the long list of not-guilty verdicts was being read by the clerk, the mostly-bearded, denim-clad defendants flashed gleeful smiles at jurors. U.S. Attorney Jack Carrouth shook his head silently.

The Gainesville Eight thus joined the Chicago Seven, the Camden 28, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Angela Davis, and several Black Panther groups who have beaten conspiracy indictments. There are no other major conspiracy trials pending at present. Conspiracy seems to spin in other directions these days, and the Justice Department has its hands full. It may well decide to pursue the prosecution of radicals less frequently in the future.

ADVISER ROBERT LANGE SR.



SIX OF THE GAINESVILLE EIGHT AT LUNCH NEAR COURTHOUSE





UPI/CELESTE

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Agnew Problem: Mysterious Meeting

Like millions of other Americans, Richard Nixon had hoped to get at least a brief taste of vacationing during the waning days of August—a little golf, a little swimming—but there was no sign of respite for the embattled President. First, Federal Judge John J. Sirica ordered that Nixon must surrender to him the secret White House tapes of private meetings about the Watergate scandal. The historic decision—the first in which a judge has ever ordered a President to give up documentary evidence that he was unwilling to produce—brought presidential lawyers rushing to the Western White House in San Clemente to determine how to fight the case this week on appeal before the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia.

Then, over the sweltering Labor Day weekend, Nixon flew from San Clemente back to the White House to confer with Vice President Spiro Agnew over the continuing Federal investigation of possible bribery, extortion, conspiracy and tax fraud that threatens Agnew's future. Inevitably, rumors swirled that the President and his semi-estranged Vice President were heading for a confrontation—that Nixon might even ask for Agnew's resignation. On both sides, press spokesmen vigorously denied that any resignation was even being considered.

The fact is, however, that U.S. Attorney in Baltimore George Beall's investigation of Agnew's finances is reaching the point of decision. That decision—whether there is enough evidence to seek an indictment of Agnew,

and whether, even if there is such evidence, an indictment can or should be sought—must be officially approved by Attorney General Elliot Richardson.

Only Routine? Both Nixon and Agnew appeared to have made unusual preparations for the encounter, their first since Aug. 7. Agnew made a flight to New York on Thursday to consult there with his lawyers, the prestigious firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, and then flew back to Washington. As for Nixon, he was reported to have talked over the Agnew situation recently with a number of associates, including Herbert Brownell, who was President Eisenhower's Attorney General (Brownell later denied that the Vice President had been discussed), and John Connally, the former Treasury Secretary whom Nixon once favored as his successor.

Even the circumstances of the White House meeting seemed unusual. Nixon had not been expected to return east until after Labor Day, and he could easily have summoned Agnew to San Clemente. The White House announced that Agnew had requested the meeting, but there was speculation that Nixon might have arranged that "request" as a face-saving device for Agnew.

The meeting between the President and his beleaguered but seemingly jaunty Vice President took place in the Oval Office of the White House. It lasted two hours—the longest discussion between the two men since they took office in January 1969. They talked alone until the end, when they were joined briefly

by White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler. The purpose of the meeting, said Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren, was to allow Agnew to bring the President up to date on "his legal troubles in Maryland."

According to aides of both men, Nixon and Agnew did not discuss the possibility of the Vice President's resigning, nor did they take up the need for a contingency plan for replacing Agnew if he should leave office. Agnew told Nixon that he intends to keep on fighting until he wins. "He's hanging in there," said a White House aide. The two, according to the official version, did not discuss making a joint defense on Constitutional matters affecting both their cases, including whether they can withhold official documents from investigators. Said Agnew: "I'm handling my own case."

When Agnew left, Warren reported—a bit ambiguously—that the President's support of his Vice President "remains unchanged." It was possible, of course, that the official versions and denials were genuine. But the unusual circumstances of the long and mysterious meeting indicated that the encounter could have major consequences for the Nixon Administration and the entire nation.

Following the meeting, whatever its complexities and portents, the President flew off to Camp David, there to spend the holiday with his family. After Labor Day, with Congress returning and the courts once more in session, there would be little time even to think of a vacation.



IN THE EYE OF HISTORY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) NIXON COUNSEL WRIGHT, JUDGE SIRICA & PROSECUTOR COX

THE JUDICIARY

The Judge Commands the President

It was only fitting that John J. Sirica should decide the controversy over the Watergate tapes. It was Sirica who had presided over the original trial of the Watergate burglars. It was Sirica who had protested that the whole truth had not been told in his courtroom. It was Sirica who broke open the case last spring by threatening maximum sentences but offering to review the penalties if the defendants talked—as James McCord eventually did. Now, after studying the lengthy briefs and arguments presented by Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox and White House Attorney Charles Alan Wright, Sirica knew that the eye of history was on him.

Clearing his schedule of all other work, he rose as early as 4 a.m. at his brick, Cape Cod-style home in Northwest Washington, then drove to his office in the U.S. Court House to study law books and constitutional interpretations most of the day. He painstakingly revised his opinion several times, and not until noon of the day the opinion was to be delivered did he finally finish. Three hours later, his secretary handed out mimeographed copies to reporters in his wood-paneled chambers. Wearing a dark coat and gray slacks, Sirica stood by, shaking hands, extending polite greetings, but resolutely refusing to comment.

The decision spoke for itself (see *excerpts page 17*). He ruled, in principle, in favor of most of Cox's arguments—the most important being that no man, not even a President, is immune from a grand jury's demand for evi-

dence. But it was not a clear-cut victory for Cox—not yet—because Sirica confessed that he could not rule on the President's claim of Executive confidentiality unless he heard the tapes himself. He therefore asked that the tapes be turned over to him so that he could hear them in his chambers. Sirica promised to keep "privileged portions" secret and excise the tapes so that no grand juror would hear them.

New Recordings. Just how Sirica would go about censoring the tapes—if he gets them—was left unclear. Court officials said that he would consult with "technical experts" before deciding on a course of action. Sirica probably would first listen to them alone, since he could hardly invite anyone, even a secretary, to share his *in camera* inspection. Then he could request typed transcripts, perhaps prepared by White House staffers, and snip out the non-Watergate portions. That, however, would leave out the sound of the voices and the inflections that might also constitute valuable evidence that the jurors should hear. Thus experts suggested that the more likely course would be for the judge to re-record those portions which he determined to be relevant to the investigation and give the new recordings to the grand jury.

There remained the possibility that Sirica would find nothing on the tapes so sensitive that the grand jury could not hear it. In that case, he could simply give the jurors the tapes in their entirety. On the other hand, Sirica said that if the tapes turn out to be irrele-

vant to the investigation—or if privileged material cannot be separated from the unprivileged—the tapes would be withheld, as Nixon has demanded all along.

In the course of his opinion, Sirica rejected many of the counterarguments that Wright had made on Nixon's behalf—arguments that Wright presumably will use once again before the court of appeals and ultimately the Supreme Court. Among the judge's main points

► A President has only a limited right to secrecy. Sirica found in the history of the Constitution "a general disfavor of privileges" but noted that the Supreme Court in 1953 had recognized an Executive privilege for military secrets. Thus Sirica concluded, there are times when the President can refuse to produce evidence, and he promised to bear this in mind during his own judgment on the tapes. But he made it clear that Executive privilege does not cover conversations relevant to a criminal investigation and not involving performance of official duties.

► A President is not the final judge of what evidence can be kept secret, since the control over evidence in a case has rested with the judiciary throughout history. Abdicating this role to Presidents or anyone else, Sirica said in a footnote, "would dishonor the genius of our constitutional system and breed unbearable abuse." The judge admitted that his secret inspection of the tapes might "constitute a compromise of privilege" if the material turned out to be covered by the President's right to se-

crecy, but he said that it would be "an extremely limited infraction" and was "unavoidable" if the court was not to abridge its right to control over criminal evidence.

► A court can order a President to obey a grand jury subpoena. Emphasizing that a grand jury derives its power from the people, not the courts, Sirica said that Nixon's separation-of-powers argument does not apply in this case. The grand jury has "a right to every man's evidence," Sirica said, and Nixon is exempt only if a court decides that his evidence is privileged.

► The grand jury has demonstrated a need for the tapes in order to complete its investigation. Sirica noted that Cox had detailed for the court what areas of "critical conflict" in the testimony on Watergate the jurors expected to be resolved by the tapes. As a result, the judge said, the court can "make an intelligent and informed analysis of the evidence."

Sirica's decision came, appropriately enough, in the twilight of his full-time career. Next March, when he

reaches the age of 70, he must decide whether to go on senior status or retire. The son of an immigrant Italian barber, Sirica worked his way through Georgetown Law School by serving as an athletics instructor for the Knights of Columbus and engaging in occasional exhibition boxing matches. Both as a practicing lawyer in Washington and as a judge, he followed an early associate's advice: "Get the facts, John, and the law will take care of itself." Appointed to the federal bench by President Eisenhower in 1957, he sat with relative obscurity until he had the chance to designate a judge for the Watergate trial and chose himself as the best man to "get the facts."

Sirica's decision was widely applauded as a sensible compromise between the arguments of Wright and Cox. The *Wall Street Journal*, for example, called it a "reasonable and tenable position." The *Atlanta Constitution* said: "It was Judge Sirica as much as any single man who pressed for the truth." In the White House, of course, the reaction was somewhat different

The first official statement said flatly: "The President will not comply with the order." It added that Nixon's lawyers were "considering the possibility of obtaining appellate review or how otherwise to sustain the President's position." This seemed to imply that Nixon might simply ignore Sirica's order, thus raising the ugly prospect of a contempt proceeding against him and an ominous power struggle between the Executive and Judicial branches. The following day, however, the White House announced that after an hour-long conference in San Clemente, the President and his lawyers had decided to carry the case to the appeals court (see box). Judge Sirica had granted a stay pending completion of appeals, and the White House said that its lawyers would be ready to begin taking up the case this week.

Half-forgotten in the struggle was the fact that Senator Sam Ervin, who hailed Sirica's decision as a "great victory for the search for truth," has also been demanding the presidential tapes. His committee has filed a separate com-

The Bazelon Court Awaits the Case

When President Nixon appeals Judge John Sirica's demand for the presidential tapes, the case will move this week from the second floor of the U.S. Court House up to the fifth-floor chambers of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. There it will be heard either *en banc* by the court's membership of nine judges or by a three-judge panel selected at random. Considering the importance of the case, the judges may decide that all should assemble.

By reputation, the District of Columbia appeals court is both innovative and liberal—though not so liberal as it used to be before President Nixon appointed three of its members. Its reputation derives from its dominant figure, David L. Bazelon, 64, who was appointed by President Truman 24 years ago and has served as chief judge since 1962. A judicial activist, he is best known for his pioneering opinion in the Durham case of 1954, in which he permitted a plea of not guilty by reason of mental illness, thus modernizing the 19th century M'Naghten rule that a criminal defendant could plead insanity only if he did not know right from wrong. In the Durham ruling, the court declared that a man is legally insane if his unlawful act is the "product of mental disease or defect."

Other notable decisions of the Bazelon court:

► The first ruling upholding the law giving 18-year-olds the right to vote.

► A ruling that struck down most of the Government's prosecutions of 12,000 demonstrators arrested during the May Day protests of 1971.

► A ruling providing guidelines for therapeutic abortions for the indigent

on grounds of mental health, and adding: "If every poor person must bring a lawsuit every time her rights are infringed by the insensitivity or ignorance of city and hospital officials, all will be effectively deprived of their rights."

Most of Bazelon's views are shared by Judge J. Skelly Wright, 62, a courtly Southern gentleman who can be both tough and emotional in his opinions. Dissenting from the majority opinion favoring the Government in the 1971 Pentagon-papers case, for instance, Wright wrote: "As if the long and sordid war in Southeast Asia had not already done enough harm to our people, it now is used to cut out the heart of our free institutions and system of government."

The court's ruling on the presidential tapes will not derive primarily from the political leanings of the nine judges, to be sure. But it is worth noting that in addition to Bazelon and Wright, the court has three members who can be ranked as somewhat left of center: Carl McGowan, 62, who served as Adlai Stevenson's counsel while Stevenson was Governor of Illinois; Harold Leventhal, 58, one-time general counsel to the Democratic National Committee; and Spottswood W. Robinson III, 57, former dean of the Howard University Law School and the only black member of the court.

The four conservative members are Edward Allen Tamm, 67, a Johnson appointee who once served as right-hand man to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover; George E. MacKinnon, 67, a longtime acquaintance of Richard Nixon; Roger Robb, 66, a Nixon appointee who used to represent Senator James Eastland of



CHIEF JUDGE DAVID L. BAZELON

Mississippi; and Malcolm Richard Wilkey, 54, a former U.S. Attorney in Houston and one-time counsel for the Kennecott Copper Corp.

The court is expected to set a date soon for written briefs to be submitted by White House Lawyer Charles Alan Wright and Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox and for oral arguments to be heard. It will probably hand down a decision before the end of September, just in time for a final appeal by the losing party to the Supreme Court when it reconvenes after its summer recess on Oct. 1.

THE NATION

plaint in Sirica's court, and last week the White House lawyers fought back with a barrage of arguments far more pugnacious than the ones they had filed in opposition to Cox.

Criminal Trial. In impious language, the White House answer declared that the Ervin committee not only had no right to the tapes but that its whole investigation was unconstitutional in the first place. It said that the committee probe "has been, in fact, a criminal investigation and trial conducted for the purpose of determining whether or not criminal acts have been committed and the guilt or innocence of individuals." Such a proceeding, the lawyers argued, exceeds Congress's constitutional powers. The answer asked Sirica to dismiss the committee's subpoena on a number of other grounds. It said that the court lacked jurisdiction over the President, that the Senate had not authorized the subpoena and that it was "unreasonably broad and oppressive."

The Ervin committee lawyers immediately fired back a motion for summary judgment, asking Sirica to rule on their request with a minimum of further proceedings. They noted that the committee had received evidence, principally from former White House Counsel John Dean, that the President was involved in a crime—the Watergate cover-up—but that he refused to give up the tapes and memoranda that might exonerate him. The committee insisted that the subpoena was well within its "mandate and responsibility to ferret



out all the facts regarding the Watergate affair, both to aid the Senate in its legislative function and ... to inform the public." For good measure, the committee lawyers projected themselves as preservers of the entire republican system of government: "Once the President becomes so immune by privilege that he cannot be reached by force of law short of impeachment, he will become much as the monarch from whom our form of government constituted a revision."

Thus on two fronts the struggle over Nixon's tapes was slowly working its way toward final resolution by the Supreme Court. Still not fully answered was what might happen if that court ruled against Nixon. He has promised to abide by a "definitive ruling" of the

Supreme Court. But, by implication, he would ignore anything short of that, and he has never explained what he would consider "definitive." As Wright pointed out in his arguments before Sirica, the courts have no way to force a determined President to obey. Still, Sirica did not see that possibility as any reason to duck the constitutional issues. He declared hopefully: "Regardless of its physical power to enforce them, the court has a duty to issue appropriate orders ... It would tarnish the court's reputation to fail to do what it could in pursuit of justice ... The courts have always enjoyed the good faith of the Executive Branch ... and there is no reason to suppose that the courts in this instance cannot again rely on the same good faith."

Where Are Those Tapes?

If the White House tape-recorded practically every bit of presidential business that took place at either the Executive Mansion or Camp David between the spring of 1971 and the summer of 1973, what has it done with all the tapes? Are they scattered all over the White House basement like a setting for Krapp's Last Tape, the Samuel Beckett play in which the wizened old man is surrounded by the tapes—and voices—of his past?

Well, not exactly. The tapes are stored in several "security areas" in the White House basement and the Executive Office Building next door. The central repository is a converted broom closet in the E.O.B. basement, a high-ceilinged niche that was furnished with fireproofing material and an iron gate before the first tapes were stored there in 1971. These rooms are under heavy lock and key, so the Secret Service needs only a minimal staff to guard them.

Each of the hundreds of reels of tape is labeled by date. The ones that

Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox and the Ervin committee are so vigorously seeking are not kept apart from the rest. Most of the tapes have never been replayed, so far as anyone knows, although former White House Aide Alexander Butterfield told the Ervin committee that he occasionally borrowed some of the tapes and sampled them to make sure the system was operating properly. In addition, both the President and former White House Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman have said that they have listened to some of the taped Watergate conversations.

Butterfield also testified that as the pile of tapes began to grow, he urged the White House to set up a crew of stenographers to transcribe the material, but this was never done. Since the tapes were supposedly made for "historical purposes," the President apparently hopes to leave that mountainous job to a still to be created Nixon library, which will have all the time in the world to sort out the raw materials of the Nixon era.



SCENE FROM "KRAPP'S LAST TAPE" (1960)

Highlights of Judge Sirica's Decision

John J. Sirica's 23-page decision that the President must surrender his tapes relied heavily on legal and political precedents—on the theory of the Constitution, the trial of Aaron Burr and President Truman's unsuccessful attempt to take over the steel industry. In threading his way through this maze, Sirica carefully took up and rejected virtually all the arguments that the White House lawyers had presented. His verdict, though phrased with the density of legal language, is a historic document. Excerpts:

The court has found it necessary to adjudicate but two questions for the present: 1) whether the court has jurisdiction to decide the issue of privilege, and 2) whether the court has authority to enforce the subpoena *duces tecum* [a subpoena requiring a person to appear before a court with whatever documents the court needs as evidence].

A search of the Constitution and the history of its creation reveals a disfavor of Government privileges, or at least uncontrolled privileges. Early in the Convention of 1787, the delegates cautioned each other concerning the dangers of lodging immoderate power in the Executive Department. This attitude persisted throughout the convention.

The court cannot agree with respondent [President Nixon] that it is the Executive that finally determines whether its privilege is properly invoked. Judicial control over the evidence in a case cannot be abdicated to the caprice of Executive officers. It is emphatically the province and duty of the Judicial Department to say what the law is.

[It is] a well-established premise that the grand jury has a right to every man's evidence and that for purposes of gathering evidence, process may issue to anyone. The propriety of introducing any paper into a case, as testimony, must depend on the character of the paper, not on the character of the person who holds it.

The burden here is on the President to define exactly what it is about his office that court process commanding the production of evidence cannot reach there. To be accurate, court process in the form of a subpoena *duces tecum* has already issued to the President, and he acknowledges that... courts possess authority to direct such subpoenas to him. A distinction is drawn, however, between authority to issue a subpoena and authority to command obedience to it. It is this second compulsory process that the President contends may not reach him. The burden yet remains with the President, however, to explain why this must be so. What distinctive quality of the presidency permits its incumbent to withhold evidence? To

argue that the need for presidential privacy justifies it is not persuasive. On the occasions when such need justifies suppression, the courts will sustain a privilege. This is a judicial decision.

To argue that it is the separation of powers that bars compulsory court process from the White House is also unpersuasive. Such an argument tends to set the White House apart as a fourth branch of Government.

The special prosecutor has correctly noted that the framers' intention to lodge the powers of Government in separate bodies also included a plan for interaction between departments. A "wastegate" division of different functions

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D.C.



JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL (1755-1835)
No exception whatever.

was never their design. The Legislative Branch may organize the judiciary and dictate the procedures by which it transacts business. The judiciary may pass upon the constitutionality of legislative enactments and in some instances define the bounds of congressional investigations. The Executive may veto legislative enactments, and the legislature may override the veto. The Executive appoints judges and justices and may bind judicial decisions by lawful executive orders. The judiciary may pass on the constitutionality of Executive acts.

It is important to note here the role of the grand jury. Chief Justice Marshall, in considering whether a subpoena

might issue to the President of the United States, observed: "In the provisions of the Constitution, and of the statute, which give to the accused a right to the compulsory process of the court, there is no exception whatever."

The grand jury is well known to Anglo-American criminal justice as the people's guardian of fairness. The grand jury derives its authority directly from the people, and when that group, independent in its sphere, acts according to its mandate, the court cannot justifiably withhold its assistance, nor can anyone, regardless of his station, withhold from it evidence not privileged.

The grand jury's showing of need here is well documented and imposing.

[If] Former Presidential Counsel John Dean's] testimony is corroborated, it will tend to establish that a conspiracy to obstruct justice reached the highest level of Government. It is true, of course, that other testimony indicates that the conversations did not include direct evidence of criminal misconduct. While this is not the time or place to judge credibility, Dean's testimony cannot be dismissed out of hand.

The court cannot, as matters now stand, rule that the present claim of privilege is invalid. The President contends that the recorded conversations occurred pursuant to an exercise of his duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Although the court is not bound by that conclusion, it is extremely reluctant to finally stand against a declaration of the President of the United States on any but the strongest possible evidence. Need for the evidence requires that a claim not be rejected lightly. The court is simply unable to decide the question of privilege without inspecting the tapes.

The court is unable to design a more cautious approach consistent with both the demonstrated critical need for the evidence and the serious questions raised concerning the applicability of the privilege asserted. The court has attempted to walk the middle ground between a formula to decide the question of privilege at one extreme, and a wholesale delivery of tapes to the grand jury at the other. The one would be a breach of duty, the other an inexcusable course of conduct.

To paraphrase Chief Justice Marshall, if it be apparent that the tapes are irrelevant to the investigation, or that for State reasons they cannot be introduced into the case, the subpoena *duces tecum* would be useless. But if this be not apparent, if they may be important in the investigation, if they may be safely heard by the grand jury, if only in part, would it not be a blot on the page which records the judicial proceedings of this country, if, in a case of such serious import as this, the court did not at least call for an inspection of the evidence in chambers?

OPINION

The People's Verdict Is In

Even after President Nixon's recent TV address and press conference, most Americans still believe that he is not telling the complete truth about Watergate. Almost half (45%) actually believe that Nixon knew in advance about the bugging of Democratic National Headquarters last summer—an astonishing attitude, considering the lack of evidence on this point. Though they think that he was personally involved in what most of them regard as "a dangerous attempt to undermine the Constitution and our democratic process," Americans by and large do not want him to leave the presidency. They have three main reasons for that stand: 1) they tend to blame the men around Nixon more than the President for creating the scandal; 2) they would be "dissatisfied" with Vice President Spiro Agnew as a replacement; and 3) they fear the probable impact, both at home and abroad, of the President's impeachment or his resignation.

Those are among the major conclusions of a special survey on Watergate conducted for TIME by Daniel Yankelovich, Inc. Perhaps the deepest-probing national study yet made on citizens' attitudes toward Watergate, the Yankelovich poll reached a scientifically selected national sample of 1,240 adults by telephone during two periods: the week before Nixon's Aug. 15 television speech and the week after it. An ad-

ditional smaller sampling of other citizens was taken after his Aug. 22 press conference.

The poll's general consistency over the three periods seems to confirm that the public verdict is already in, and it is not likely to change. That verdict is, in effect, that the President is guilty of personal complicity in Watergate. But partly because they see no practical way of doing something about the President's actions without damaging the country, a majority (54%) of those polled say that they are becoming bored by the subject of Watergate.

Public Fatigue. This evidence of public fatigue might seem to support Nixon's recent strategy for dealing with Watergate. He has argued that the matter should now be left to the courts, so that his Administration can get on with pressing national problems. Some elements of Nixon's emerging strategy, however, seem to be unproductive and could even backfire. The poll discloses that 57% of the people questioned reject Nixon's suggestion that the Watergate investigation is an attempt by some politicians and members of the press to "get the President" (35% agree and 8% are unsure). White House criticism of the Ervin committee runs up against the finding that two-thirds of the people regard that committee as having functioned in a "fair and open-minded" manner. Almost two-thirds of those polled criticize Nixon's attempt to withhold the tapes of his Watergate-related conversations from the committee and the courts.

Overall, popular support for the President's position on Watergate is thin (see charts). Only 26% believe his repeated statements that he did not know about or take part in the cover-up. Of those who had heard or read about Nixon's television speech (a significantly large 73% had done so), only 39% thought that he was telling the full truth. This figure increased by a negligible 1% after his later press conference. The press conference did, however, provide one solid gain for Nixon: 22% of his listeners or readers said that they had greater confidence in him after it than they had had before.

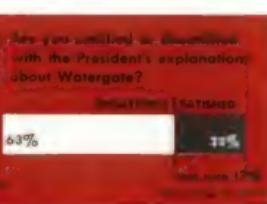
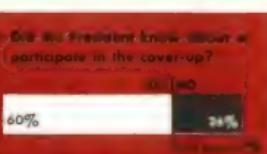
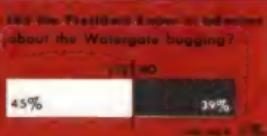
The President's explanations of Watergate have corresponded closely with those of his closest former aides, John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, and in most respects with those of former Attorney General John Mitchell. Thus it is not surprising that many people believe that these men were lying too (see chart). Indeed, the percentage of people who think that Mitchell was lying increased after the Nixon press conference from 41% to 56%, despite one answer in which the President supported Mitchell's testimony. There would seem to be a paradox, however, in the

Q: Did the key witnesses tell the truth?



fact that many also disbelieve John Dean, the President's chief accuser and the man whose testimony conflicts sharply with that of the other aides. Yet Dean's credibility is somewhat higher than that of the other major Ervin committee witnesses.

One striking Yankelovich discovery is that the public is more concerned about events peripheral to Watergate than about the break-in and bugging of the Democrats. Half the people rate that operation as "just part of politics as usual." But a majority see as "shocking" the break-in at the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, the suggestion that income tax audits might be used against Nixon's political opponents and—tenaciously tied with Watergate—the President's use of public money to improve his homes at San Clemente and Key Biscayne. Also described more often as "shocking" than "just politics" is the Watergate cover-up, including the use



of campaign funds to keep the original defendants silent about the involvement of higher officials.

On the other hand, those polled viewed a number of recent political misdeeds as "routine." These included the attempts to sabotage the campaigns of Democratic presidential candidates and the evidence that the Nixon Administration gave ITT a favorable antitrust settlement in return for a \$400,000 Republican Convention pledge.

Despite such signs of cynicism about the nature of U.S. politics, the public is not at all complacent about the overall Watergate scandal. Oddly, a majority (58%) say that they are "upset" about the affair, while an overwhelming 82% say that they are "dissatisfied" by it.

As for the basic meaning of Watergate, an impressive 77% agreed with the statement that "Watergate shows how even the privacy of ordinary people is being threatened these days." Somewhat mysteriously, 70% said that it also indicated that "big business misuses its influence and controls the country." And 67% saw Watergate as "part of a general climate of moral decay in which people feel that they can get away with anything."

No Right. The widespread public antagonism toward any invasion of privacy was also illustrated by responses to another series of questions that indicates little support for Nixon's "national security" defense of some Watergate acts. The public overwhelmingly objects to the idea that the President has the right to break into anyone's home, except in one situation: the case of a government employee who turns over classified government papers to a hostile country. Even then, only 50% believe that the President may order a break-in, while 45% disagree and 5% are unsure. The notion that the President has extraordinary powers in a case like that of the Pentagon papers is rejected by 62% of the people.

Americans overwhelmingly (66%) agreed that Nixon's ability to govern the U.S. has been seriously damaged by Watergate, although this figure dropped significantly to 53% after the President's press conference, which gave many a feeling that he was beginning to regain control of the Government. Even more people feel, however, that either the impeachment or resignation of the President would only make matters worse. Seventy-two percent think that this would seriously damage U.S. relations abroad; 65% believe that impeachment would "tear the country apart"; and 58% foresee a major economic crisis if the President quits or is forced out of office. Only 25% expect the nation would be better off if Nixon were removed.

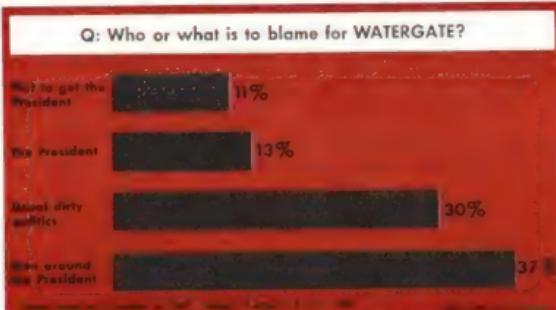
The belief that Nixon should stay in office is based partly on the feeling of 55% of the public that he is still "the best man for the office." Even more (61%) believe that his abilities are need-

ed to deal with the Russians and the Chinese. And then, of course, there is the problem of his successor. Perhaps influenced by the fact that the investigation of Vice President Agnew was revealed just before the Yankelovich polling began, only 25% of the interviewees said that they would be "satisfied" with Agnew as President if Nixon were to leave office; 53% said that they would be "dissatisfied."

If it were possible to hold a new election, a replay of the controversial 1972 presidential race would be close. The poll discloses that 40% of the voters would go along with Nixon, while 38% would vote for George McGovern; the rest are uncertain or would vote for neither. Most of McGovern's gains since the last election would come from Independents; one out of three of them would switch to the Democratic Senator. Only 17% of the Democrats who voted for Nixon would now stray from that 1972 stand. Overall, Watergate would be a sharp political advantage for the Democrats. A potentially decisive 19% of the voters polled say that they are more likely to vote for a Democratic presidential candidate in 1976 than they were before the scandal, and only 4% are less likely to do so.

ingly, Nixon's presidency has been hurt the most, with almost half (49%) of the people now having "less faith" in the office than they had before, while 3% somehow have "more faith" in it. Other institutions that have sustained notable net losses in public confidence include business and industry (28%), the IRS (23%), the CIA (23%), the FBI (21%), the Justice Department (17%). Mysteriously, the courts also lose (13%), as does Congress (8%). The only institution to show a gain in public trust is the press, up 5%.

The poll's findings show a general mood of public despair about conditions in the nation—an attitude that has changed drastically since a Yankelovich survey in October 1972, shortly before Nixon's triumphant re-election. Then, 53% of the people had a positive feeling about the way things were progressing; now 71% feel that things are going badly. Watergate is a substantial factor in the shift, since 36% of the public now express concern about the scandal. Yet the economy worries more people (66%), a climb of 25% since 1972, while the war in Southeast Asia predictably has dropped sharply as a topic of public concern. (Crime and drugs have also dropped considerably.)



While any Republican presidential candidate apparently will have a rougher time in 1976 because of Watergate, no potential nominee now holds a significant lead. The affair, however, has propelled Senator Howard Baker, a member of the Ervin committee, into national prominence. The poll finds that the following Republicans are now rated as their first choice by voters in a surprisingly even split:

Howard Baker	14%
Charles Percy	14%
Ronald Reagan	14%
John Connally	13%
Nelson Rockefeller	10%
Spiro Agnew	10%
Unsure, or none of these	26%

Apart from its political impact, Watergate has also affected public attitudes toward various public institutions, mostly in a damaging way. Not surpris-

ingly, most Americans—a surprising 89%—feel that things are going well in their own personal lives. It is because of that, the Yankelovich analysts contend, that Americans have been able to view Watergate with moderation and a balanced perspective. The public even sees in Watergate some hopeful portents for the future. Fully 73% believe that the searching examination of the Watergate transgressions "will strengthen our democratic process and improve the moral standards of the country's leadership."

At the same time, the scandal has been in a sense educational, creating new interest in government and politics—and not turning people cynically away from the system. An impressive 40% of U.S. voters declare that because of Watergate, they will be more interested, rather than less, in going to the polls in 1976.



PRESIDENT NIXON ON PATIO OF WESTERN WHITE HOUSE AT SAN CLEMENTE

HOUSING

Richard Nixon, Mortgagee

Shortly after President Nixon entered the White House in 1969, he asked John Ehrlichman, then White House counsel, to issue an 87-page pamphlet titled *A Reference Booklet on Conflict of Interest*. The pamphlet advised all Cabinet members to liquidate their investments and put the proceeds into blind trusts or diversified mutual funds. "We don't want any whiff of questions," said Ehrlichman. "No member of the Cabinet is going to know what he owns."

Unlike his subordinates, Nixon does know what he owns, notably the Western White House in San Clemente and the Southern White House in Key Biscayne. And there have been more than a few questions about them. The General Services Administration has issued a series of much-revised reports, finally revealing that \$10.5 million in public money has been spent on security and other official arrangements for the two estates. Last week the White House is-

sued a privately produced report on the complex transactions by which the houses were financed. It showed a President heavily dependent on two millionaires—Robert H. Abplanalp, the inventor of the aerosol-spray valve, and Miami Entrepreneur Charles G. ("Bebe") Rebozo. While buttressing White House assertions that nothing illegal had occurred, the statement raised anew the propriety of Nixon's large (and secret) indebtedness to his friends.

The report was specifically a delayed response to a story that appeared last April in Orange County's conservative Santa Ana Register, which claimed that federal investigators were looking into the possibility that unreported funds from the 1968 G.O.P. campaign were used to help buy Nixon's \$1.5 million dream home in San Clemente. At the time, Press Secretary Ron Ziegler called the story "malicious, ill-founded and scurrilous." Although

the new accounting did not document the source of personal funds used in Nixon's various transactions, it demonstrated fairly convincingly that he neither used nor had need of illicit funds.

The report indicated that Nixon has spent from his personal resources a total of \$802,722 on buying, improving and running his residences—certainly not an inconceivable sum for a man who reported liquid assets of about \$500,000 in May 1969, and who had earned a salary of \$200,000 annually for the past 4½ years. As of last May 31, the President still owed \$160,934 on mortgages on his two Key Biscayne houses, which presently are being paid off in installments totaling \$1,399 monthly. On the San Clemente property, Nixon had a mortgage indebtedness of \$264,440, all of which must somehow be paid off or refinanced by next July 15.

Many Loans. The San Clemente obligation would be much greater if Nixon had not been able to sell off most of his land in December 1970, just 17 months after he bought it. The original purchase had been made entirely on credit—\$399,609 in cash (derived from a \$450,000 loan, at 8% interest, from his friend Abplanalp) plus \$1,000,000 in promissory notes payable to the original owners of the estate. Nixon hoped that all but six acres surrounding his Casa Pacifica might be bought from him by a presidential foundation set up in his name for the creation of a library. For reasons that have never been made public, that plan fell through, leaving Nixon the holder of more California real estate than he could afford. Evidently as a result, he was forced to negotiate a new loan to pay the 1970 installment (\$100,000) on his promissory notes, plus interest on the unpaid balance, which was then accumulating at the rate of \$75,000 annually. To obtain those funds, Nixon went back to Abplanalp for another loan.

Six months later the President finally found the "compatible" buyer he required for the 20-odd acres of land that he wanted to sell. Until last week's accounting, this buyer had been identified by the White House as the presidential creditor: Abplanalp. In fact, said Nixon's auditors, the property was bought by both Abplanalp and Rebozo. To buy the land from their friend in the White House, the two men became "co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of B. & C. Investment Co." Nixon spokesmen explained that Abplanalp later bought out his partner and that Rebozo's name was not mentioned earlier to shield him from publicity.

On Dec. 15, 1970, B. & C. paid \$1,249,000 for about 24 of the 30 acres that, by Nixon's accounting, he had originally bought. Put another way, the President managed to recover 83% of his original purchase price by selling off 80% of his land—holding on to his house and six acres of choice oceanfront land in the bargain. Furthermore, since the entire plot was (and still is)



ABPLANALP ON YACHT ON GRAND CAY



REBOZO IN MARYLAND

Which one ran the least to run?



Toyota Corolla

Datsun 610

AMC Gremlin

Chevy Vega

Ford Pinto

VW Super Beetle

According to a leading Consumer Research Group, this is what each car cost to run for two years, including fuel, maintenance and depreciation: Vega, \$1755. Gremlin, \$1755. Pinto, \$1690. Datsun, \$1670. Toyota, \$1645. And last, but least, Volkswagen Super Beetle, \$1270.

THE NATION

held in trust by Los Angeles' Title Insurance & Trust Co., what B. & C. actually bought was a "beneficial interest" in the trust—an arrangement that might make it difficult for the company to develop its share of the land. In any case, in a rare interview with the Washington *Star-News*, Abplanalp recently said that he did not have any immediate plans to develop his property. This means that the First Family will enjoy the free use of a \$1.25 million sanctuary around its property.

Why was the whole story not made public at the time of the sale? The White House will not say; nor will it explain why John Ehrlichman indicated nearly two years after the B. & C. deal that Nixon was still looking for a buyer. Did the President pay capital-gains taxes on his apparently sizable profit from the B. & C. sale? He has not said. Is the B. & C. Investment Co. registered somewhere? Neither its owner nor Nixon will say. Why the unusual trust arrangement? Again, no clear answer.

The air of suspicion around Nixon's affairs was so thick that it even engulfed the accounting firm chosen to prepare the report—Coopers & Lybrand, one of the "big eight" of the accounting field. Some observers made much of the fact that three former officials of the firm (when it was called Lybrand, Ross Bros. & Montgomery) had been convicted of mail fraud and distribution of false financial statements in 1968 but had received a presidential pardon from Nixon in 1972. White House spokesmen argued convincingly that the three men have had no connection with the firm for five years and that all Presidents sign long lists of pardons recommended by the Attorney General.

How Wise? The most troubling questions that grow out of the presidential audit involve matters not of legality so much as of propriety. Is it really wise for a President to become so indebted to one man, no matter how trusted a friend? There is no indication that Abplanalp ever tried to take advantage of his lender's role, but any large businessman has dealings with the Government, and any presidential friend acquires a certain power in business.

Furthermore, Nixon has displayed an unfortunate propensity to rely on his creditors' personal hospitality. He often commandeers Rebozo's Key Biscayne home for the use of Secret Servicemen at the Florida White House, and he visits Grand Cay, Abplanalp's private island in the Caribbean, so frequently that he has been provided with personal quarters there.

Certainly any President, no matter what his means, is entitled to a retreat for himself and his family. And in the day of buy now, pay later, no one can insist that Presidents follow Polonius' puritanical advice: "Neither a borrower nor a lender be." Yet Presidents need to make their dealings as far beyond question as Nixon himself proposed when he first came to office.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

Seeking a Magical Vista

Nothing characterizes the presidency of Richard Nixon these days so much as the sense of perpetual motion. He moves from the Oval Office in the White House to his hideaway across the street to the deck of the yacht *Sequoia* on the Potomac, from Washington to Key Biscayne to Grand Cay in the Bahamas, from the Camp David mountaintop to the beaches of San Clemente.

The U.P.I.'s Eugene Risher, who accompanies the caravan, has calculated that up until last week the President had spent only three full days in Washington during August, and that only one night out of every three during his entire 4½ years in the presidency has been spent in the official residence.

The need for Presidents to travel is self-evident, but it can be asked whether motion is replacing substance. Nixon's recent cross-country swing was an engineered spectacle that started with his speech in the Oval Office, sped south to Florida, then on to New Orleans and the specially selected VFW audience, and came to rest by the Pacific. It was supposed to be a triumphal march from coast to coast, an antidote to Watergate. It failed because of Nixon's nervousness and because it was a hollow concept.

BIRCH HALEYER



ALOFT IN AIR FORCE ONE

Ever since John Kennedy, there has been this compulsion to fly off some place. There is something about being at 35,000 ft. that increases a President's sense of omnipotence. Kennedy's spirits visibly lifted when he got on his magic carpet. Lyndon Johnson's facial coloring improved as he swept skyward in his mad dashes round the world. Even when Nixon is earthbound in California, he often sets out for a spin along the roaring California freeways. The amateur psychologists who travel with Nixon insist that in part he is running from his problems, seeking some magical vista where solutions will appear. They never do.

One of the lures of presidential travel is the miracle of the machine itself. It is all so beautiful. From the fleet of jets and helicopters, through the limousines and boats, right down to the golf carts and snowmobiles, there is not another area of Government that works better.

The basic question is whether a President can really run the Government as he should when he is on the go as much as Richard Nixon. Presidents have angrily insisted that the essence of the White House travels with them and that they get more work done when they are beyond the physical White House. It may be true that they can answer all the mail and sign bills better once they are clear of Pennsylvania Avenue. But important matters cannot be resolved well by an itinerant President. Information is limited, the passion of arguments is lost when they are put down on paper, and the mood and feel of a crisis disappears in the tranquil haven of sun and water.

John Kennedy was cruising in Cape Cod waters when the Berlin Wall went up. He hurried home and did nothing. One wonders what might have happened had he been in Washington, his fingers on all the sensitive spots, his generals and diplomats around him. Courage tends to mount in such settings.

Certainly some of Watergate is rooted in Nixon's constant movement. If we are to believe the President, the failure was not a philosophical one but a mechanical one. While he was in his lofty retreats conceiving the grand designs for East-West détente and for revenue sharing, the people he left in charge of the White House were running amuck. Nixon, according to his own account, did not inquire what his aides were doing and did not sense the lawlessness and deceit that grew up around him. He was, among other things, gone too much.

Being President of the United States is not like being president of a corporation or a university, that is true. But there are elements of the job that require the same grubby, grinding attention to detail, to people, to events. If the men who contend for the White House fancy themselves above that kind of work, then perhaps the time has come to consider some kind of Executive Vice President with the duty to run the place as it should be run—from Washington.

"Look at my 17-year-old RCA set. The color's still lovely"—Mrs. Helen Siegelman, New York City



Actual closed-circuit television reception,
photographed separately under controlled lighting.

RCA pioneered color television and introduced its first color sets in 1954. Many of the early sets are still in use. Today RCA has a better kind of color TV—solid state, and it's the most advanced ever. In fact, almost twice as many people own RCA as any other solid state color TV. And now...

**Old Reliable
presents...**

The New RCA XL-100s.



Almost twice as many people
own RCA as any other solid state color TV.

The New Reliabiles.

The news is—RCA XL-100, America's best-selling line of solid state color TV, now has its most brilliant color and advanced tuning. Plus the reliability of 100% solid state.

When you first see a new XL-100 from RCA you'll be amazed at the new color. It's a full 50% brighter on 25" diagonal consoles than our comparable sets of last year.

Just look at the photograph on the TV screen at left. It's an unretouched picture of actual closed-circuit reception on this new RCA XL-100. If it looks this good on the printed page, imagine how good it will look in your home! You get RCA's best big screen color pictures ever on the new 25", 21" and 19" diagonal XL-100 sets.



New more
brilliant color

What's behind this great new picture? RCA's Super AccuColor black matrix tube. Without getting too technical—it means RCA has an improved picture system that fully illuminates the color dots that make up a television picture. And we've surrounded them with black. The result? Greater color brilliance, contrast and definition.

And, RCA XL-100 circuits are designed for greater reliability—they're 100% solid state. All chassis tubes—a major cause of TV repairs—have been eliminated. RCA builds these sets with plug-in AccuCircuit® modules. Easy to replace, if service is required.



Plug-in
AccuCircuit
module

RCA has a new tuning system, too. It features AccuMatic IV, and it has flexibility you don't find in some other makes. Because


New simplified tuning system
you need only touch the ACM button to automatically bring color, tint, brightness, and contrast within a normal range. However, if you prefer eyes bluer or grass greener, you can easily adjust the controls within the ACM range.

Used to be, everyone who wanted color had to buy a big living-room-size set. Now so many people want color in the den or bedroom, color portables are a big thing. And RCA has them—

in the great XL-100 line. Brand new 100% solid state 15" and 17" diagonal color portables. And we have a new picture tube system especially designed by RCA for portable solid state color.

This new AccuLine picture tube system has a simplified design that results in a picture with brilliant color, high contrast and sharp definition, like the one shown below, left. And because of the special way RCA designs these sets, certain service adjustments are completely eliminated.

RCA offers you more models in 100% solid state color TV than anyone. You can buy XL-100 in 15", 17", 19", 21" and 25" diagonal screen sizes. All in all, there are more than 50 models in cabinet designs that range from contemporary to romantic Mediterranean.

Every XL-100 is backed by the RCA Purchaser Satisfaction Program. See your RCA dealer for all the details and a look at the New Reliabiles.

RCA is color you can count on.



THE NEW XL-100
RCA

The True System:

(Patent No. 3,396,733)



Regular or Menthol

Only True has this tar and nicotine reduction system that's so unique it's registered with the U.S. Government Patent Office.

Only True is lowest in both tar and nicotine of the 20 best-selling brands. True is America's leading low tar and nicotine cigarette.

The True System: You can't beat it.

Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?

Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine. av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. '73.

© Lorillard 1973

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A Mecca Along the Midway

*"Our state fair is a great state fair!
Don't miss it, don't even be late!
It's dollars to donuts that our state
fair
Is the best state fair in our state."*

Nearly 30 years have passed since Dana Andrews pursued Jeanne Crain across the Des Moines fairground to the accompanying strains of Rodgers and Hammerstein. Andrews is a grandmother by now, and Jeanne Crain makes the rounds of TV talk shows, but the state fairs of the Midwest remain almost immutable. From Des Moines, TIME's David Wood reports on this year's extravaganza:

It is all very simple. You pay your \$1.50 and walk through the 50-ft. metal gateway poles hung with red-and-blue banners. You leave behind inflation, traffic jams, Watergate and the impending struggle of the autumn harvest. Ahead of you, the Ferris wheel arcs into the blue sky over beyond the livestock barns; a lemon-shake stand squeezes between a tractor exhibit and the milking parlor; on your left, the Pleasantville Community School stage band is warming up for a concert, and over there, an hour from now, the quilt-making demonstrations will begin. Pick up some cotton candy along the way.

"The Iowa State Fair is a small city unto itself," says Fair Director Ken Fulk. "In fact, it's a mecca." Mecca indeed. This year the 400 acres of fairgrounds in Des Moines have attracted nearly 650,000 visitors in ten days. Farm families from Iowa towns like Burlington, Belle Plaine, Indianola and Clearfield come to show their livestock, spend a few dollars on the midway, ogle the new farm machinery and see what their neighbors' hogs look like.

No Wink. Kenneth Grouwinkel's hogs look pretty good. He has seven of them, which he brought 150 miles from his farm in Wapello. While his ten-year-old son Kenny tries the 40-ft. giant slide outside, Grouwinkel and his wife and younger son Michael, 3, spend most of their time watching over their animals in the semidarkness of the swine barn. The three-year-old keeps tapping the hogs with a short stick, in order, his mother says, "to keep 'em awake. Lordy, little Michael keeps those hogs so awake they've hardly had a wink of sleep since we got here."

The highlight of Grouwinkel's week comes when he gets 15 minutes to prod his hogs around the kelly green sawdust of the prize ring. "They judge them for conformation," says John Miller, another hog farmer, as he leans against the fence. "What's conformation? If you see a girl walking down the street, and she walks pretty good, and she has good lines, and you just want to grab

her, well, that's conformation." Miller later spots a breeder boar with good conformation and buys him for \$3,700.

In the sheep barn they are judging black-faced Suffolks. As the owners hold their animals' heads with one hand and rumps with the other, a judge crouches in the center of the ring, staring each bleating contestant in the eye. He gets up, walks over and sticks a finger into a sheep's chest to see how firm it is. If firm, the two dozen spectators murmur approval: if the judge's finger sinks deep into the sheep's chest, a groan goes up. After half an hour of prodding and measuring, groaning and murmuring and bleating, the judge straight-

tor Fulk offers a rationale: "People in the islands eat a lot of pork, and Iowa is a big producer of pork, so we should know all about Hawaii!"

As the sun sinks and the livestock barns take on deeper shadows, the crowds drift toward the midway—the merry-go-round, the octopus, the roller coaster and dozens of unnamed rides that promise squeals of terror. Bottle-and coin-toss games offer stuffed animals, drinking glasses and table lamps as prizes. Off to the side, barkers below the fascinations of a 50¢ look at the three-legged man, the two-headed baby and the incredible snake girl. And the burlesque show: "Come on in closer, folks. We're going to offer you some entertainment, spice-wise. Yessir, we have nudity, but we do not have filth!" The fairgoers stop to gape at the barker, but not many buy tickets. The biggest

THOMAS DEDO



SUFFOLK SHEEP LINED UP FOR COMPETITION AT THE IOWA STATE FAIR
Big business requires a show business touch.

ens up and signals for the Suffolk Sheep Queen to come out and distribute ribbons to the winners. She strolls out in a red gingham dress, stepping carefully around the manure.

Outside in the bright sun, the fair beckons in every direction. A middle-aged woman in a purple dress directs a dozen kids playing accordions in unison. A youth in a Fu Manchu mustache does card tricks to show how you can cheat with a shaved deck; he then offers shaved decks for sale.

Like the farm lands around it, the state fair is big business now. Seeking to lure people away from their TV sets, the State Fair Board spent \$1.3 million to give a showbiz touch to the event this year's theme: Hawaii, and so lots of the girls appear in ersatz Hawaiian print dresses. Ordinary sno-cones become "Hawaiian delights," and the entrance to the fairgrounds is crowned by wooden cutout pineapples. Fair Direc-

line forms at the Ferris wheel, where dozens of fairgoers scream in delight as the huge jeweled wheel revolves in the darkened sky.

Soon after midnight, it is over for the day. Young farm boys drag themselves back to the livestock pens to sleep on aluminum lounges beside their hogs or sheep or cattle, while their parents catch the last shuttle back up the hill to where the family camper is parked. Even the midway finally shuts down, and an unaccustomed calm falls over the fairgrounds. Fairgoers somehow find their cars in the mammoth parking lot, load in the family and drive out the gates back to their own lives. Outside the fair, there are harder choices than whether to see the milking contest or the quilt making, and the world of blue ribbons, cotton candy and lemon shakes is something fanciful and far away. Until next year, at least, and the return of the best state fair in the state.



CHAIRMAN MAO (CENTER) AT PARTY CONGRESS WITH STRENGTHENED CHOU (RIGHT) AND NEWCOMER WANG

THE WORLD

CHINA

Putting Its House in Order

Despite the peaceful façade of proletarian uniformity that it presents to impressed foreign visitors these days, China for years has been a divided and unsettled country. The upheavals of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of 1966-69 and the purges that followed the abortive 1971 coup of Army Leader Lin Piao—Chairman Mao Tse-tung's designated successor—denuded the Communist Party's leadership and plunged its bureaucracy into disarray. Since 1971 China has had no head of state, no defense minister, and no army chief. The Central Committee of the Communist Party and the powerful Politburo both have been functioning at half-strength.

No Fanfare. China has now taken an important step toward filling those vacant ranks and putting its house in order. Last week Hsinhua, the Chinese news agency, announced that the long-anticipated Tenth Congress of the Chinese Communist Party—the first such gathering since 1969—had been held in Peking from Aug. 24 to 28. The Congress had been led by Mao himself, whose failing health was belied by the amazingly healthy and even youthful-looking photographs released by the Chinese. Although China watchers for the past few weeks had suspected that the Congress was imminent, neither fanfare nor publicity marked its opening. Instead, 1,249 delegates from all corners of China secretly gathered at a still undisclosed site in the capital.

The news agency's terse communiqué about the unusually brief Congress indicated that Mao, now almost 80, re-

mains the unchallenged leader of the party. His appearance at the Congress, according to the news agency, triggered "prolonged and hearty applause." Premier Chou En-lai continues as second to Mao. At the Congress, Chou presented the all-important political report; he was also elected one of the party's five vice chairmen and, significantly, was listed first. The Congress endorsed Chou's foreign policy, including improved relations with the U.S., but it also warned against the "hegemonism of the two superpowers—the U.S. and the U.S.S.R." Chou's hand was also strengthened by an increase in the number of foreign ministry officials on key party bodies and a reduction of army influence. The military, which comprised about 50% of the Central Committee elected four years ago by the Ninth Party Congress, have now been reduced to less than one-third of the committee's membership.

A surprise was the election of a relatively youthful (37) Shanghai party leader, Wang Hung-wen, as one of the five vice chairmen. A one-time textile worker and later a boss of the city's rampaging Red Guards, Wang has powerful patrons—among them Mao's wife Chiang Ching. At the Congress, Wang gave the important report on the revision of the party constitution—a role possibly assigned by Mao himself. These developments make Wang one of the party's most important leaders.

The Congress apparently failed to resolve the question of Mao's eventual successor. The announced lineup of the new 21-member Politburo gives no clue

as to who ranks where in the hierarchy. To some observers, this suggests that although Chou is clearly No. 2 now, the party may be preparing for a collective leadership during the transition period after Mao dies or retires. By contrast, the Ninth Party Congress, in the process of approving a new constitution, specifically named Defense Minister Lin Piao as Mao's heir. Last week's conclave repaired that embarrassing error. The constitution was revised to expunge the name of Lin Piao, who was, according to Hsinhua, publicly excoriated as a "bourgeois careerist, conspirator, counterrevolutionary, double-dealer, renegade, and traitor."

Relaxing Tensions. Throughout Peking, hundreds of obviously pre-planned processions gleefully greeted public announcements that the Congress had met. The U.S. and other Western nations may also have reason to be pleased. If, in fact, Chou has been strengthened as much as the first hints from the Congress indicate, then China—for the short run at least—will probably continue its policy of relaxing international tensions and encouraging political and economic relations with the capitalist nations it once damned.

SOVIET UNION

Ruthless Campaign

"If I am declared killed or suddenly mysteriously dead, you can infallibly conclude, with 100% certainty, that I have been killed with the approval of the KGB or by it."

With those dramatic words, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Russia's greatest living writer, summarized last week the stark fear that follows Soviet intellec-

Your Canada Life agent knows your life style. He lives it.



He's a good family man. He understands your concerns about your family's future, because he has the same concerns...



He's a knowledgeable, well-educated man but he knows you never stop learning—about business and about people...



He leads a full life, with many interests. This helps to make him a good counselor, someone you can rely on to see your point of view...



He's versatile and resourceful.
He can create a life insurance program to take care of your plans for the future.



Being of service to you is a professional goal for every Canada Life agent. You can talk to him the way you would to a good friend or neighbor. He knows your life style because he lives it!



CANADA LIFE

Canada Life Insurance Company of New York—Home Office: New York, N.Y.
The Canada Life Assurance Company—Home Office: Toronto, Canada

THE WORLD

tuals today. Even as it improves relations with the West, the Soviet Union has embarked on the most ruthless campaign in decades to stifle ideological dissent within its own borders.

"**Car Accident.**" Solzhenitsyn's fear, he made plain in an interview with the Associated Press and *Le Monde*, is neither metaphorical nor paranoid. "During the winter of 1971-72," he said, "I was warned through several channels that they [the KGB, the Russian secret police] were preparing to kill me in a 'car accident.' But here we have a peculiarity, I would almost say an advantage of our social structure: not a single hair falls or will fall from my head or from the head of members of my family without the knowledge or approval of the KGB. That is the extent to which we are observed, shadowed, spied upon and listened to."

Not that his death would make the authorities very happy, the author added. For the first time, he mentioned the existence of unpublished works, presumably embarrassing to the Soviet state, that will be released in the West according to the terms of his will.

Solzhenitsyn has spoken out before about his personal disagreement with Soviet officialdom. Never before, though, had he sounded so bitter or linked himself so directly and actively with other Russian dissenters. The reason seems to be twofold. One is that the government has not only surreptitiously threatened Solzhenitsyn's life but has also refused even to let him legally remain with his pregnant wife in Moscow. (He is defying the ban.) The other is that Solzhenitsyn, with a writer's sense of timing and drama, seems to recognize that this is a unique moment of crisis for Russian intellectuals and that his voice, amplified in the West, may force the authorities to back away

SOLZHENITSYN



from their program of persecuting other dissenters. Among them:

► Historian Pyotr Yakir and Economist Viktor Krasin went on trial in Moscow last week charged with subversion. No foreign observers were allowed in the courtroom. Tass reported that both men had freely confessed—in a manner that sounded reminiscent of Stalin's farcical purge trials of the '30s—to various acts against the state. In what seemed an attempt by the authorities to discredit Solzhenitsyn, their testimony supposedly described him as a sympathetic reader of a banned underground newspaper.

► Physicist Andrei Sakharov, who helped to develop the Russian hydrogen bomb, last week disclosed that he had been officially warned not to make contact with foreign journalists. In previous interviews with Western reporters, Sakharov has made several appeals in behalf of political prisoners. After he made the warning public, Sakharov was denounced by 40 members of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, to which he belongs. The only surprise in the denunciation was the fact that it was signed by so few of the academy's 248 members, indicating that if they could not defend Sakharov, most of the scientists would at least not attack him.

► Historian Andrei Amalrik, one of the most eloquent of the dissenters, was sentenced to a second term in a Siberian prison for "defaming the Soviet state" in his private diaries. In last week's interview, Solzhenitsyn confirmed what had long been privately known: the KGB was determined that Amalrik would never again be free.

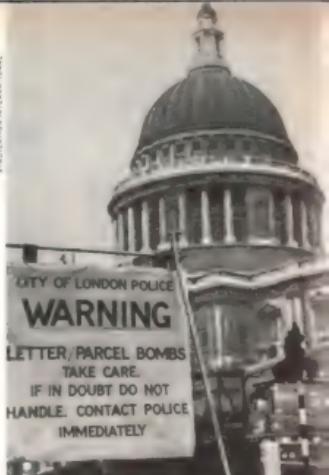
► Biologist Zhores Medvedev was stripped of his passport while on a visit to Britain earlier this summer, forcing him into involuntary exile. Speaking of the Medvedev case, Solzhenitsyn said bitterly: "Citizenship in our country is not an inalienable natural right for every human being born on its soil. But it is a kind of coupon that is kept by an exclusive clique of people who in no way have proved that they have a greater right to Russian soil. And this clique can, if it does not approve of some citizen's convictions, declare him deprived of his homeland. I leave it to you to find a word yourselves for such a social structure."

BRITAIN

"The Troubles" Spill Over

Mrs. Nora Murray, 51, a career civil service worker in the British embassy in Washington, was opening the weekend's accumulation of mail early last Monday morning when she came across a manila envelope addressed to a former military attaché. The letter bore a United Kingdom postmark, indicating that it had been sent through the British army postal service. Other than that the letter was slightly heavier and thick-

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD



WARNING NOTICE POSTED IN LONDON
And almond and marzipan odors.

er than most letters, she noticed nothing unusual about it. When Mrs. Murray opened the envelope, a spring-loaded bomb blew off her left hand, sprayed pellets into her face and arms, and blasted out two windows from the chancery's sixth floor office.

Mrs. Murray was the third Briton injured in a rash of letter bombs and incendiary devices that have plagued Britain for the past two weeks. Police believe that the bombs, which have been discovered at department stores, embassies, Parliament and Prime Minister Edward Heath's official residence at No. 10 Downing Street, are part of a new terrorist campaign by sympathizers of the Irish Republican Army. The I.R.A., which often boasts of its assassinations and other successful acts of violence, had made no official comment on the bombing, although individual spokesmen so far deny any responsibility.

So far, more than half of the devices (31 by week's end) have been detected and defused, largely as a result of stringent national security measures drawn up after last spring's bombing of the Old Bailey. Scotland Yard has advised people to smell envelopes for almond and marzipan odors characteristic of explosives, check for grease marks caused by sweating explosives, and look for unusual or irregular handwriting on packages. Stories on how to handle suspect mail have appeared in almost every British newspaper, and commuters disembarking at tube stops, train stations and bus stops have been deluged with warnings not to open suspicious packages. Most Britons took the campaign of terror in their stride.

The letter-bomb campaign was hardly the most auspicious omen for a visit by Prime Minister Heath to Belfast last week—his first since Ulster's pro-

vincial elections in June. Heath had billed his two-day visit—its ostensible purpose was to attend a memorial service for former Prime Minister of Ulster Lord Brookeborough—as a “stock-taking” trip, to find out why Ulster has not made more progress in figuring out a way to govern itself. In reality, it was probably closer to tail-kicking. The Prime Minister has carefully avoided making any threats that the British might withdraw their military forces from Ulster. Nonetheless, several planned leaks in the press have indicated that that could be a possibility. Conferring separately with spokesmen for all major parties represented in the new Provincial Assembly, the Prime Minister repeatedly made the point: Why, more than two months after the election, have they failed to agree on the formation of a twelve-man executive body for the troubled province?

Tired Litany. Since June, in fact, the Assembly has only one full session. That was turned into a farce when the Rev. Ian Paisley, leader of the militantly Protestant Democratic Unionist Party, and his aides seized the speaker's chair after the closing and harangued the near empty chamber. Politicians from the various parties have not even held informal meetings since then, as if they were still rival candidates in a campaign rather than representatives chosen to form a coalition government.

If Heath hoped for a sign of compromise, he got only a tired litany in which Catholics and Protestants blamed each other for Ulster's failures. The Protestants' feisty William Craig refused to show up for a meeting with Heath because other leaders in his Vanguard Unionist Progressive Party had not been invited. When former Ulster Prime Minister Brian Faulkner appeared with four instead of the invited three representatives from his Unionist group, everyone else demanded an extra man as well. Then, after the SDLP (Social Democratic and Labor Party) overstayed its time with Heath, Paisley made it a point to do the same. About the only constructive advice for Heath came from the small, moderate Alliance Party, which told him that he might help move things along by outlawing Protestant extremist groups, as the government has done with the I.R.A.

Frankly disappointed by the talks, Heath abandoned the standard nicety of a closing statement and instead delivered a public plea: “If political activity

is essential for the eventual defeat of violence,” he declared, “then every day’s delay in setting up and working the new institutions can only mean more lives lost, more maimed and wounded.” Then, in a blunt warning, he added: “Having taken the necessary steps to enable a resumption of the political life of Northern Ireland, the people of Britain will not understand any reluctance to take full advantage of it.” Mother England’s patience, in short, is clearly running out.

THE PHILIPPINES

Aquino Rewrites the Script

A television program that Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos, 55, watched last week did not exactly follow the script he had written. Beamed to Manila's Malacahang Palace by closed-circuit TV, the drama was supposed to be an orderly show trial of Marcos' longtime political enemy, former Senator Benigno (Ninoy) Aquino Jr., 41, onetime secretary-general of the Liberal Party. Instead, the President had to watch, presumably in pain and anger, as Aquino turned the trial into an emotional and stunningly effective public challenge to the regime of martial law that Marcos imposed over eleven months ago. Starting the seven army officers who sat as judges of the military tribunal, his voice quavering with emotion, Aquino implored: “I am begging this court to be allowed to speak. I am pleading for my life!”

Aquino, who was charged with illegal possession of firearms, murder, and plotting subversion with Maoist rebels, was not exaggerating; if convicted, he could have been sentenced to execution or life imprisonment. Despite having spent eleven months in prison since his arrest, Aquino looked trim and confident when he took his place in the dock of the courtroom, a converted army lecture hall in Manila's Fort Bonifacio. Instead of trying to answer the specific charges, however, he shrewdly grabbed every opportunity to denounce the proceeding itself as “an unconscionable mockery,” clearly aiming his remarks at the 200 newsmen and spectators who jammed the courtroom.

In a foolish tactical error, the prosecutor allowed Aquino's opening written statement to be made part of the

record. It turned out to be a violent attack on Marcos’ “new society” as a regime bent on “coercion, violence, human degradation, the total suppression of civil liberties and political processes, and the imprisonment of political enemies.” Since the statement had been made in open court, it could therefore be freely reprinted despite martial law. Indeed, thousands of mimeographed copies were soon circulating all over Manila.

To dramatize his defiance of the court, Aquino dismissed his civilian attorneys, asserting: “I will not participate in these proceedings. I am requesting to be taken back to my cell to await your verdict.” Last week, a verdict of sorts was rendered—not by the befuddled judges, who had temporarily adjourned the trial to rethink their tactics, but by Marcos himself. Evidently unprepared for the fierceness of Aquino's rhetoric or the effectiveness of his unorthodox defense, the President dissolved the military court and called for a five-man committee to “determine whether really there is a reasonable ground” to believe that Aquino committed the offenses for which he was accused. Privately, Justice Department officials concede that some or all of the charges may eventually be dropped.

Although more than 91% of eligible Filipinos voted in favor of Marcos’ “new society” in a national referendum last month, there is growing unrest over the continuation of martial law, the so-far unsuccessful military struggle against guerrillas in Mindanao and Sulu, and the prospect of the country’s worst rice shortage in years. Quite clearly, the President is worried that the shrewd, ambitious Aquino, a member of one of the country’s wealthiest families, might become a symbol of political dissent and persecution. Many Filipinos are well aware that the ex-Senator’s grandfather was imprisoned by the U.S. during the abortive Philippine war for independence in 1899, and that his father was jailed by General Douglas MacArthur for collaborating with the Japanese during World War II.

“Don’t drive too fast,” Aquino told the lieutenant at the wheel of the car that took him back to prison last week. “You might deprive the firing squad of a victim.” Apparently, Aquino also is well aware of the political advantages of persecution.

AQUINO AT HIS TRIAL



STRATFORD

ARGENTINA

An Old Dictator Tries Again

The watery brown eyes stare out from sockets sunk into folds of flaccid flesh. Thin purple veins straggle across the high cheekbones, so close to the surface that they almost seem etched on the first layer of skin. The second chin sags into a second throat. Black dye has been used on the swept-back hair, but the cosmetic is not enough. Juan Domingo Perón, almost 78, looks his age—and feels it. He tires easily; he has trouble concentrating. Yet he must try to marshal his failing faculties. Nearly two decades after he was run out of Argentina, a deposed, despised despot, Perón is home again, exalted again, in charge again of one of the richest countries in Latin America.

The aging *caudillo's* comeback may well be the political feat—or at least

has seldom experienced darker times.

Thus the triumph of Perón's return is conditional. The walls of Buenos Aires are plastered with posters from the past, showing a robust, smooth-faced Perón. But it is the future that will determine his ultimate place in Argentine history—and, more crucially, the destiny of the country itself. If he fails his second chance, Perón will be worse off than he was after his first, and so will Ar-

FRANCISCO VERA



PAINTING OF EVITA
An ailing man returns to an ailing country with another woman at his side.

world markets are begging for meat

Like the country, Perón, too, is ailing. Concerned about the condition of his heart, doctors have warned him that the rebirth of his political career could hasten his death. Just as ominous, though, is the problem that Perón faces within his own political movement, which is sharply split between the right and the left. The rightists, reports TIME Buenos Aires Bureau Chief Charles Eisenhardt, seem as loyal as ever, willing to follow *el Líder* virtually wherever he takes them. But the leftists, who include many youths barely born when Perón was ousted by a military coup in 1955, are relying on him to create a "socialist Fatherland." They give indications that they may settle for nothing less. "Perón promised youth a revolution," warns Ernesto Giudice, 65, a member of the relatively conservative Communist Party's central committee. "If he doesn't transform society quickly and fundamentally, youth is go-

JULIENNE—SIEMA



THIRD WIFE ISABELA



PERÓN SHOWS HIS AGE

An ailing man returns to an ailing country with another woman at his side.

phenomenon—of the century. It is rare enough for a failed leader to get a second chance in a stable democracy, even if he is relatively young. But overthrown dictators hardly ever return to the scene of their prime, unless it is behind guns pointed at their successors. Though no stranger to force, Perón has used none directly to regain his power.

He is back—with his third wife Isabel at his side, trying to fill the role of the revered Eva—because the people of Argentina want him back. He is back—seeking to formalize his power by running for President this month—also because the military that ousted him finally let him back. Most of all, Perón is back because Argentina is in a state of chaos, racked by terrorism and factional clashes that threaten to engulf it in civil war. Both the masses and the military look to him in desperation. He seems to them to be the only man who can somehow pull together a nation that has never fulfilled its potential and

Argentina. In short, the man and the country are on the same spot, their destinies and fortunes inextricably entwined.

The problems they face are immense. The nation is much more complex, much more politicized, much less tractable than it was when Perón last ruled. Marxists and fascists fight in the streets. Leftist guerrillas roam the cities and countryside alike, terrorizing public officials and business executives. In the past two years, there have been more than 200 kidnappings and about \$80 million has been extorted in ransom money, chiefly from big business concerns. Some multinational corporations, such as Coca-Cola and Otis Elevator, have evacuated their executives. The economy is blighted. Between January and May, the cost of living had risen 67%; though emergency measures have arrested the climb for the moment, inflation remains a specter. Beef exports, the biggest source of income, have slumped despite the fact that

ing to do it—with or without him."

Already the bitter division has tarnished the old dictator's second coming. On the very day he returned, less than three months ago, to live again in Argentina, the factions turned a mammoth welcoming party into a mutual massacre. More than 100 people died and hundreds more were injured as rightist and leftist elements raked each other with gunfire in a huge meadow near Buenos Aires' Ezeiza Airport.

The incident clearly shocked Perón. Shortly afterward, he closed the door of his suburban Buenos Aires home and did not emerge for 23 days. Officially he had the flu, but he may have been more anguished than ill. No doubt Perón was agonizing over whether it was really worthwhile at his age to try again. He decided that it was, and pleased his supporters by agreeing to run formally for the presidency in a new election called for Sept. 23.

At the same time, he displeased



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many of his followers, particularly the leftists, by choosing Isabelita as his vice-presidential running mate. The nomination of the 42-year-old former cabaret dancer, bolstered by a publicity campaign extolling her virtues, struck some as a crass attempt by Perón to cast her in the image of his late second wife, the mass-adulated Evita.

As posters appeared throughout Argentina hailing Isabelita as "the perfect Peronista" and "Evita's successor," the lady herself tried to look and act like "the little Madonna," as Eva was called. She has dyed her chestnut hair blonde like Evita's, she wears a silver mine coat like Evita's, she is making good-will tours like Evita's. But when Isabel accepted the vice-presidential nomination, an honor that Eva had declined in 1951, angry Peronistas began tearing out the eyes on her posters.

If Perón is to be the savior of Argentina this time round, he must first do a better job than he has to date of pacifying the Peronistas. It looms as a major undertaking. Yet it is small compared with the task of inspiring Argentines as a people to unite in a common, selfless cause. Historically, Argentina has been victimized by selfishness, on the part of both its leaders and its people. "There is no community in Argentina," laments H. A. Murina, a noted Argentine novelist. "We do not form a body, though we may form a conglomeration. Instead of stability, Argentina has rancorous, factious chaos, periodically illuminated by *coups d'état*." Adds Eduardo Roca, an eminent jurist and diplomat: "Argentina has no soul."

A vast land nearly three times the size of Western Europe, Argentina did not begin to develop until the 19th century, when there was large-scale immigration from Western Europe. On the pampas, a flat plain stretching out in a semicircle from Buenos Aires, the immigrants found the richest, deepest topsoil in the world. It was ideal for raising cattle and crops, and still is. The number of cattle on the hoof today is more than double the country's population of 25 million.

The living was perhaps too easy. Collective action was not needed to conquer the elements; they were already friendly. Individuals could make a comfortable life on their own. Politics seemed irrelevant. So did a national, even a community spirit. Many immigrants planned only to make their fortunes and return to Europe. Even when they stayed, many never quite thought of themselves as anything but transients. The same mood prevails today. Says Novelist Murina: "I was born here. But sometimes I find myself asking: Am I really going to die here among these strangers?"

Contributing to the lack of national identity and community concern is the fragmentation of the classes. The wealthy oligarchs, the middle class and the workers are not only separated from one another but are all deeply divided

within themselves. In sum, it is a situation much easier for a shrewd politician to exploit than solve, as Perón proved in his first rise to power.

Born on Oct. 8, 1895, in the pampas town of Lobos, Perón never longed to become a farmer like his father. At an early age, he chose a military career. As a military observer in Europe in the late '30s and early '40s, he became spellbound by both Hitler and Mussolini. After meeting Hitler, Perón wrote: "As in Germany, our future will be an inflexible dictatorship." When *Il Duce* died, he said: "Mussolini was the greatest man of our century."

Back in Buenos Aires, Perón joined the G.O.U. (Group of United Officers), a cabal of extreme-right-wing colonels who shared his belief that Argentina was destined to become the Germany of Latin America. In 1943 they staged a coup against the bumbling government of Ramón Castillo (who, ironical-

captivation of Perón angered his moralistic, status-conscious colleagues.

To censure both Perón's political ambitions and his affair with Evita, the officers finally demanded and got his resignation from the government in October 1945. The maneuver backfired. The unions, abetted by army officers still friendly to Perón, called a general strike and staged a massive demonstration outside Government House on Oct. 17 (since celebrated as Peronist Loyalty Day). As they shouted, "Our lives for Perón!", he suddenly appeared on a balcony. "Where have you been?" they cried. Perón replied with the first of many demagogic harangues he would deliver from that same balcony. Four days later, Perón and Evita were wed secretly in a civil ceremony. Four months later, after Farrell dutifully stepped aside, Perón was elected President.

For the first few years of his regime, Perón rode high. He continued to cul-



PERONIST PARADE OUTSIDE PERÓN'S RESIDENCE
"The only hopeful thing is that everything is unexpected."

ly, was pro-Nazi himself). Perón backed the naming of General Pedro Ramírez as a figurehead replacement. For himself, he cannily took the directorship of the moribund Department of Labor. Turning it into the government's most active branch, Perón used the department to help win the political support of Argentina's workers, a long-neglected group with great potential power.

As his own power grew (especially after he engineered the replacement of Ramírez in 1944 with another general, Edelmiro Farrell), Perón's fellow officers cooled toward him. His romance with María Eva Duarte, then a third-rate actress of questionable reputation, did not help matters. Perón was a widower when he met Evita in 1943. His first wife, Aurelia Tizón, had died of cancer in 1938. Perón's un gallant epitaph: "Poor thing, she always bored me." Evita never bored him, but her

tivate the workers, granting them more pay raises and awarding them unprecedented social security and vacation benefits. At the same time, Evita became the wife-mother of the poor, "the little Madonna" who spread millions of dollars in largesse among them from a loosely audited cache of government funds and forced "donations." The Evita cult grew alongside that of Perón himself. When Evita died of cancer at the age of 33 in 1952, there was an unsuccessful campaign to get the Vatican to proclaim her a saint.

Shortly after Evita's death, it became apparent that Perón was spending much more than the government was taking in. In fact, he had been squandering the huge profits that Argentina had accumulated as a neutral supplier of foodstuffs during and after World War II (making it then the richest country in Latin America, with for-

THE WORLD

sign-currency reserves totaling \$1.7 billion). The nationalized industries stagnated; inflation soared. Even the workers began to have second thoughts about *el Líder* as their paychecks purchased less.

For those who had never liked Perón, the grievances intensified after he overwhelmingly won a second term as President in 1951. Concern rose over his failure to press for agrarian reform, his purging of liberals and personal opponents from the courts and universities, his clamping of rigid censorship on the press, his throttling—through firing, jailing and other persecution—of all dissent. Perón angered the Roman Catholic Church by ending religious instruction in the schools, initiating a divorce law and taking steps to legalize bordellos. In addition, reports circulated about Perón keeping a 14-year-old girl as his mistress.

In September 1955, all three branches of the armed forces combined to seize control of the floundering country. Auditors later discovered that during Perón's years in power, Argentina's treasury had been drained of \$1.25 billion. After bouncing around in exile from Paraguay to Panama to Venezuela to the Dominican Republic, Perón finally settled in Madrid in 1960, where he bought a \$500,000 villa that he called

"17 de Octubre." There Perón kept in touch with his loyalists in Argentina, goading them to civil strife with taped messages, letters and personal envoys.

His efforts were encouraged by a succession of five military and three civilian governments that stumbled and fell from power. With the failure of each new government, the people were reminded that there was always another alternative: Perón. Last year, amid increasing terrorism and public clamor, the military government of Alejandro Lanusse decided to allow free elections. Lanusse, a general who had once been imprisoned by Perón, challenged the old *caudillo* to return and run for President.

Perón returned, but only after the deadline for qualifying as a candidate had passed. If he needed a test of his popularity, the trip provided it. During a 28-day visit to Buenos Aires, Perón attracted huge crowds of cheering supporters to his suburban villa. He also tested his strength by conferring with leaders throughout the Argentine political spectrum. As he headed back to Madrid, he endorsed the candidacy of former Dentist Héctor Cámpora, who described himself as Perón's "obsequious servant." Last March, Cámpora won the election handily, and the stage was set for Perón to strut again.

To date, he has mainly strutted in the wings. Since moving his household to Buenos Aires eleven weeks ago, he has wavered between spells of puzzling inertia and bursts of curious action. Toward the end of his initial 23 days of illness and introspection, Perón sacked his "servant" from the presidency. Yet the master did not assume the post himself. Instead, he appointed another surrogate, Raúl Lastiri, whose major claim to minor fame was his relationship (son-in-law) to Perón's personal secretary and astrologer, José López Rega.

The firing of Cámpora was hailed by "orthodox" Peronists as evidence that their leader was finally taking a hard line against the left; they felt that Cámpora had been too gentle with terrorists and demonstrators. Perón pleased his right wing even more

by also dismissing Vice President Vicente Solano Lima and two moderately leftist Cabinet ministers. Cámpora and Lima were appointed ambassadors abroad, touching off speculation that the Peronist left wing was undergoing a purge.

Last week, though, Perón shuffled somebody else out of circulation, and this time the move delighted his left wing. Perón told the ubiquitous López Rega, who also triples as Argentina's new Social Welfare Minister, to take a month's vacation from domestic politics and attend a nonaligned nations conference in Algeria. Temporarily at least Lopecito had been effectively removed from what the leftists derisively call Perón's "celestial court." The remaining members: Isabelita and Finance Minister José Gelbard. Of the courtiers, only Gelbard has spent more than a few weeks in Argentina since 1955; yet Perón has been listening and talking more to his "court" than to anybody else since returning from Madrid.

Economic Curbs. Gelbard, an aluminum tycoon who immigrated from Poland, is instituting Perón's economic policies, which so far include price controls and cutbacks as well as restrictions on foreign investment. U.S. business interests, with a total \$1.3 billion in direct investment, are nervous about the curbs. But the U.S. Government, which opposed Perón's first election bid in 1946, has been treading softly this time. It has even leaked stories indicating its acceptance of him as the best hope for his country's stability.

How much Perón has changed remains to be seen. His puppet government has already announced press restrictions reminiscent of the censorship imposed during his first regime. More encouragingly, Perón has issued tough statements against terrorists. Yet the level of terrorism has actually risen since his return; the rate of kidnappings recently jumped from one every three days to two a day. Internecine labor violence is also increasing, and last week Peronist youths "occupied" the Botanical Gardens in Buenos Aires. Without offering any explanation, surly, self-appointed young "guards" prevented thousands of ordinary citizens from strolling the pathways.

The real test of whether Perón can restore stability to Argentina will not come until he officially takes over the reins of government. Speculation grew last week that he may yet ascend to the presidency without another election. His succession could be decided by the Peronist-controlled Congress, in which case Isabelita could conceivably be passed over for the vice presidency. Clearly, the new era of Perón has begun with more questions than answers. Yet it is a measure of the country's anguish that uncertainty can be a source of solace. "The only hopeful thing about the present situation," says an Argentine intellectual, "is that everything is unexpected."

POLICE BATTLE LEFTIST DEMONSTRATORS



HOODED GUERRILLAS AT PRESS CONFERENCE IN CORDOBA



ENRIQUE RODRIGUEZ



WIVES OF STRIKING CHILEAN TRUCKERS DEMONSTRATE OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL CONGRESS BUILDING IN SANTIAGO

CHILE

Scenario for Chaos

For the 22nd time in only three years, Chile's Marxist President Salvador Allende Gossens formed a new Cabinet last week. Allende euphemistically described the latest reshuffle as a "re-adjustment" in his government. By any name, it was unlikely to have much impact on a long-running crisis that has pushed Chile into political chaos and to the verge of economic bankruptcy.

Within the past two weeks, three high-ranking military officers have resigned from the Cabinet. To prove to his countrymen—and perhaps to himself—that he still enjoys the confidence of the military, Allende included two new officers in the reshuffle. To replace Admiral Raúl Montero as Finance Minister he appointed Admiral Daniel Arellano, and Four-Star General Rolando González became Minister of Mines. To the position of Minister of Defense, Allende named a civilian, Orlando Letelier del Solar, until recently Ambassador to Washington. The sensitive post of Interior Minister fell to Carlos Briones, a close personal friend. Briones, as it happens, has managed to stay on good terms with former President Eduardo Frei Montalva, leader of the opposition Christian Democrats. If a crisis should require contact between Chile's past and present Presidents, Briones could provide the liaison.

Meanwhile, the paralyzing strike of Chilean truck owners and retail merchants continued. Announcing the Cabinet switches, Allende charged that the month-long strike by truckers protesting the threat of nationalization had already cost the country more than \$100 million and had put 90,000 construction

workers out of jobs. For openers in his new role, Briones threatened to withdraw armed protection from the truck owners and give it instead to leftist strikebreakers, but the stalemate was unresolved. (In Allende's Chile, paradoxically, most strikes have been staged not by labor groups but by conservative small-businessmen and professionals against the radical left.)

Allende also complained that the strikes were "blatantly political" and were part of a Machiavellian plot. The conservative opposition agrees; it has a scenario for getting rid of Allende constitutionally. First of all, according to the scenario, continuing economic chaos leads the Congress to censure the President repeatedly. (This requires only a simple majority, which the opposition parties command, not the two-thirds necessary for impeachment.) Military leaders are warned that if they join the Cabinet they may be liable to prosecution for violating their oath to defend the constitution if they help a President who is acting illegally. Allende is eventually humiliated and resigns, to be succeeded, in the absence of an effective Cabinet, by the president of the Senate—who is none other than Eduardo Frei.

The opposition plot fails to reckon with the virtually certain response of Allende's dedicated proletarian supporters. The 1.4 million members of the General Confederation of Workers and other Allende partisans would undoubtedly mount a general strike and take to the barricades on behalf of their leader. The specter of civil war would most likely bring in its wake a military coup.

Many responsible Chileans are already beginning to wonder how the military would respect civil liberties. Recently, there have been reports that

enlisted navymen loyal to Allende have been not only arrested but tortured for their opposition to coup-minded officers. A group of marines broke into a Valparaiso radio station, where wives of the imprisoned sailors were taking part in a forum sponsored by the Socialist Party, and arrested all the participants. When Socialist Deputies called on the naval commander of the district to protest, he simply refused to see them.

"Some people say we need a coup to avert a civil war," Allende defiantly declared last week, "but in Chile there will be neither a coup nor a civil war." The tragic prospect is that while the harassed and embattled President may succeed in averting a military coup, he may soon be powerless to govern or to stave off overt civil war.

MIDDLE EAST

Merger by Inches

When U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim set out on his first official visit to the Middle East, he knew full well that the problems of the area were, as he put it, "complex and very difficult." At the very least, though, he thought that he knew the lay of the land and the antagonists' basic positions. No such luck. Halfway through his five-capital tour last week, Waldheim found that the alignments were shifting like desert sands, and that certain features on the map were being altered.

The most notable change involved the first hesitant steps toward the on-again, off-again merger of Egypt and Libya. While Waldheim was in Damascus, where he got an unexpectedly cordial reception from Syria's government



EGYPT'S SADAT SIGNING POLITICAL-UNION PACT WITH LIBYA'S GADDAFI
Arab oil and funds for the struggle against Israel.

heads. Egypt's President Anwar Sadat was closeted at his country home, 50 miles north of Cairo, with Libya's mercurial strongman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi. Sadat had just concluded a jet-propelled, hush-hush tour of his own to two oil-rich neighbors and Syria. With Saudi Arabia's King Feisal and the Emir of Qatar, Sadat had discussed how best to use Arab oil and funds in the fight against Israel, and had wrung promises of lavish support. These commitments strengthened Sadat by leaving

him less dependent on money from Libya's bubbling black gold.

The merger plan that Sadat and Gaddafi announced last week fell far short of the Libyan leader's proclaimed goal of immediate union. Instead of a long-promised binational referendum that would declare "merger day," the agreement provided for a series of inching steps, certain to be slow, although no timetable was set. Egypt and Libya were to form a mixed Assembly, with 50 members from each nation, to draft

a constitution. They will exchange resident ministers and establish a higher planning council. They will also issue a new currency—the Arab dinar—but only for transactions between their two central banks.

The projected merger, along with Sadat's eastern agreements, inevitably diminished any hope that Waldheim might have had for a softening of attitudes in the Middle East. By the time he reached Jerusalem, he found that Israel's position was also hardening. This week Israel's ruling Labor Party is expected to adopt a hawkish program, originated by Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, for economic penetration and development of occupied territories on the West Bank of the Jordan and in the Sinai desert—which even some Israelis protest is "creeping annexation."

By two astonishing gaffes in Jerusalem, Waldheim managed to erode a fair amount of the goodwill that his visit was supposed to generate. First, at Yad Vashem, the shrine in memory of the 6,000,000 Jews killed by the Nazis, Waldheim refused to cover his head with a yarmulke. That offended even non-Orthodox Jews. Later at a State dinner, he expressed pleasure at being "here in your capital"—although the U.N., far from recognizing Jerusalem as Israel's capital, has demanded that it be internationalized. That raised the Arabs' hackles. Apologies followed, but neither side was likely to soon forget the slights.

AFRICA

The Dark Continent's Royal Remnants

The rulers of Black Africa today are mostly men stamped in Western molds: Presidents, Prime Ministers and generals lead their nations along European lines, mindful less of cultural tradition than of economic progress. Most of the continent's ancient kingdoms have long since vanished, swept away by European colonizers. Nonetheless, a few tribal kings remain in power in both West and Southern Africa (*see color pages*). In their hands is the survival of much of the Dark Continent's unique heritage.

By and large, the kings have little power at the national level, but their local influence survives. Venerated by their peoples, they serve as a logical and sometimes necessary intermediary between remote national governments and feudal-age tribesmen: they settle business dealings, land quarrels and even marital squabbles. Among the most notable of these royal remnants:

THE OJI OF IFE. A devout Anglican, Sir Adesoji Aderemi, 83, has been the spiritual leader of Nigeria's 12 million Yorubas for 43 years. Although out of national politics for many years, the Oji is respected by the Yorubas more than any other political or military lead-

er in Nigeria. "There is much to be said for tradition as a means of keeping people together," he says. "In spite of advances in education and technology, there seems a new awareness of the value of preserving ancient customs and cultural values." One custom certain to be preserved: the Oji's annual battle with a warrior impersonating Ogun, the god of iron. By tradition, the Oji always wins, thus proving his power as leader of the Yorubas.

THE ALAFIN OF OYO. Second only to the Oji among Nigeria's four supreme Yoruban tribal kings, the Alafin, Lamidi Olaiyiwola Adeyemi, 34, is a thoroughly modern man who believes, as he puts it, that "it is still possible to live by old traditions in modern times." He spearheaded a drive that raised \$30,000 for local development, whereupon an impressed regional government chipped in \$60,000 for his projects. "I have told my people," he says, "that if they can save substantial sums of money in banks, they will attract loan capital to improve commercial and industrial life." An insurance broker before being installed as Alafin in 1971, he is also a former boxer and soccer player.

He stays fit by doing daily exercises in his palace, an old, rambling affair, parts of which are still mud-walled. The Alafin is confident of his relationship with his people: "There are many things we obas [kings] can do better for the people than government functionaries. We are here all the time and know the problems, while they are constantly being shifted around the country."

THE OBA OF BENIN. Benin's history was once the brightest of all the African kingdoms: its famous bronze sculptures are collector's items across the world. Today, the 450,000 members of this Nigerian tribe are led by Oba Akenzua II, 74. Like the Oji of Ife and the Alafin, he receives a stipend of about \$10,000 a year from the Nigerian government; in addition, he has extensive landholdings that produce considerable extra income—just how much, no one will say. His successor is Crown Prince Solomon Akenzua, 48, who retired from the Nigerian civil service in June to return to Benin and begin preparing himself for the responsibilities of royalty. Prince Solomon hopes that the

The Alafin of Oyo, expert on traditions of Nigeria's Yoruba kingdom, is screened by beads that hang from his golden crown to prevent commoners from seeing his face.





During annual ceremony in Zambia, a barge carries the King of the Lozi through Zambezi waters from summer to winter palace.

Litunga wearing 1908 admiral's uniform.

The King's barge, manned by some 80 paddlers, arrives at winter palace.





The spiritual leader of Nigeria's Yoruba kingdom is the Oni of Ife.





Astute old King Sobhuza of Swaziland
rules as a constitutional monarch.





Lesotho's King Moshoeshoe II (left) and Prime Minister, Chief Johathan.



The Oba of Nigeria's Benin kingdom poses with grandchildren and other youngsters. Nana Opoku Ware II, King of Ghana's Ashanti, sits in judgment against a chief.





Lagos government has abandoned for good its past habit of deposing obas almost at will. "If an obo does not do his job, he should be replaced, but it is his people that should do it. Obas are important in local government and should be protected from political caprice."

THE ASANTEHENIE OF GHANA. *Ou-mo-fuo* [All Highest] Nana Opoku Ware II, King of Ghana's 1.8 million Ashanti, still wields considerable power as Keeper of the Golden Stool. A barrister in the Ashanti capital of Kumasi until he became a king in 1970 (succeeding his uncle), Nana Opoku, 54, is all but coddled by Ghana's leaders. In turn, he takes a lively—but noninterfering—interest in national affairs. "What Ghana needs today is unity," he says, "no matter what one's origin or tribe." He has instructed his subchiefs to concentrate on local affairs. In return, Ghana's President, Colonel Ignatius Acheampong, has pledged to leave tribal affairs solely in the hands of the chiefs. Thus, when local student groups started to protest in June against a \$2.5 million palace that Nana Opoku is now building in Kumasi, they were quickly told by Accra to lay off.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY. Dahomey's tribal chiefs, unlike those of neighboring Nigeria, were stripped of power by French colonizers. Despite his titular position as President of Dahomey's "Customary Tribunal" (which is totally ceremonial), Togni-Ahossou Agoli-Agbo, now 61, has relatively little local authority. Spiritual head of the 1,000,000 or so Fons, the country's largest ethnic group, the King gets a small stipend from the national treasury. He gets by otherwise on gifts from loyal subjects as well as fees from camera-happy tourists who snap him in his royal robes and silver nosepiece—worn so that he will not sniff impure air.

THE LITUNGA OF BAROTSELAND. Godwin Lewanika, 65, who succeeded to the throne in 1968, is the ceremonial leader of Zambia's 300,000 Lozis. His predecessors struggled to preserve a degree of Lozi autonomy from the encroachments of Kenneth Kaunda's central government, but Lewanika is a realist and gave up the battle. A former mine clerk and union organizer, Lewanika twice a year leads one of Africa's most impressive ceremonies—the journey of the Lozis from the 4,000-sq.-mi. flood plain (where they farm and fish from July to March) to the higher lands at the forest's edge. As the waters rise, the Lozis begin ritually imploring their King to move; when the new moon appears, princes and counselors paddle the royal barge carrying the King away from his summer palace. When the water falls, the pomp is repeated.

Dahomey's Togni-Ahossou Agoli-Agbo is protected by a parasol and a silver air purifier. The figures at his left and right are the symbols of his predecessors.

THE KING OF LESOTHO. The lean and bespectacled Moshoeshoe II, 35, made a determined attempt in 1970 to curb the power of his roly-poly Prime Minister, Chief Leabua Jonathan, in the tiny Maryland-sized state that is completely surrounded by South Africa. He failed, however, and since then has confined himself to a consultant's role. Moshoeshoe (pronounced mo-shwayshway) may well be the best-educated man in Lesotho. He studied for three years at Oxford, and still travels to Britain each year to bone up on the latest in political economy. At home in Lesotho, Moshoeshoe spends much of his time breeding race horses and playing squash and tennis.

THE KING OF SWAZILAND. Sobhuza II, "the Lion of Swaziland," now 74, is

indisputably the most powerful of all the kings of Africa. Since winning independence from Britain in 1968, Sobhuza has ruled as a constitutional monarch. Annoyed by his country's British-imposed constitution, he abolished the document earlier this year and transformed the Prime Minister and Cabinet into what he calls the King's Council. He also abolished all political parties, banned political meetings and announced that he would rule by decree. From his 400,000 subjects came not a murmur of protest, not even when he jailed the former opposition leader on flimsy charges. This week Sobhuza is expected to announce the formation of a commission to draw up a new constitution. Undoubtedly, it will cement his ultraconservative one-man rule.



WORKMEN DIGGING THROUGH RUINS OF HOUSES IN QUAKE-STRIKED CITY OF ORIZABA

Mexico's Longest Quake

It was nearly 4 a.m. on a cold, moonless night, when people across much of Mexico were jolted from sleep by the first tremors of an earthquake. In Mexico City, where a quake in 1957 had killed more than 50 people, hundreds poured into the streets in abject terror. When the earth stopped moving, 120 agonizing seconds after the initial jolt, Mexico had experienced the longest earthquake in its recorded history.

For all the panic, no one was hurt in Mexico City, and only minor damage was reported. The epicenter of the quake, however, was located 150 miles southeast of the capital. There the shock proved devastating. As rescue work got under way, government officials feared that the death toll, initially estimated at 400, could reach 1,000. The quake also injured more than 4,000 people and left nearly 25,000 homeless.

Hardest hit were the villages and

small towns near Mexico's highest peak, the 18,700-ft. Orizaba volcano. In Velladero, a village of 2,000 people, only 20 of its 280 houses were left standing. In Orizaba, an industrial town near Veracruz, a three-story building was split in two, killing 19 people. Village after village offered the same vision of destruction and tragedy: young and old sifting through piles of adobe rubble, looking for something to salvage; men balancing wooden coffins on their heads, on the way to pick up their dead.

The quake was doubly disastrous because it came on the heels of the most damaging floods the country had seen in 30 years. President Luis Echeverria, who had toured flooded areas in Central Mexico only two days before the quake, visited the stricken villages to take charge of the relief work. Reconstruction, however, may have to be delayed. At week's end, torrential rains had resumed, threatening to topple buildings already weakened by the quake.



CYBILL DOES "DAISY MILLER"



STEBER RAISES THE ROOF



MARC CHAGALL SINGS THE PRAISES OF



Director Peter Bogdanovich (*The Last Picture Show; What's Up, Doc?*) was in Rome, prowling round the Colosseum to do the night shots for his film version of Henry James' classic love story *Daisy Miller*. As for the lead, she was Bogdanovich's girl friend, Actress-Cover Girl Cybill Shepherd. Bogdanovich is already giving the author of the novel most of the credit for the movie. "Daisy Miller picked me," he explained. "I thought that if Henry James had gone to all the trouble to write a good part for Cybill, I should shoot it."

Opera Star Eleanor Steber, 57, now largely confines herself to concert appearances and to teaching at the Cleveland Institute, Juilliard and the New England Conservatory. But for the American première of Benjamin Britten's opera *Owen Wingrave*, in Santa Fe, N. Mex., the soprano sang the role of the old battle-axe aunt to Alan Titus' young Owen. Letting out all the stops, Steber, done up in Victorian rig, calls her nephew a coward for not following in the family's military tradition. How did it feel to play the heavy for a change? "A character part like this is not new to me," she explained, "because I've always been a character."

As a U.S. Senator, Lyndon B. Johnson drafted the legislation that created NASA. As President, he watched the first Apollo flights take off. Last week in Houston, the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center was dedicated on the 65th anniversary of his birth. In a mood of nostalgia under the hot and sultry skies of Texas, Lady Bird unveiled Sculptor Jimi M. Mason's bust of her late husband and received a standing ovation as she quietly recalled her personal memories of the space age: "For us, my husband and me and a small group of guests, the news of Sputnik came while we were at the ranch. We walked along the lit-

tle river, the Pedernales, that runs in front of our house, all of us eerily aware that a new and unknown element had changed our familiar world."

Brides and grooms float in and out of the paintings of Marc Chagall, 86, like magical lovebirds. In an interview for *Women's Wear Daily*, the expatriate Russian, who has just opened the Biblical Message Museum of his work in Cimiez, France, talked about Valentina, sixtyish, his French wife of 20 years "To encounter a woman in your life is a stroke of chance accorded by heaven. I don't think there was a creator who didn't depend on his wife's opinions. Oh, there were some. Mozart was unhappy with his wife. But if the encounter is a success, what does she give? All of life!" Later, "Vava," who watches her husband's work through all of its stages, returned the compliment "He's always saying charming things like that. He is such an amiable man, a joy to be with."

Elizabeth McAlister, an ex-nun and the wife of Antiwar Activist Philip Berrigan, and Sister Judith Le Femina were shopping at the Sears, Roebuck store near Glen Burnie, Md. When they left, the store's detective said, they took with them, without paying, a \$20.99 handheld electric power saw, a 69¢ package of sandpaper and a 19¢ package of picture hangers. Charged with shoplifting, the pair gave their address as Jonah House, Baltimore, a commune established by Elizabeth and Philip Berrigan for members of the peace movement. Elizabeth last faced a judge when she was convicted in 1972 of smuggling letters to Berrigan while he was in Lewisburg, Pa., federal prison.

Princess Anne is the first member of the British royal family to visit the U.S.S.R. since the revolution, but she in-

LADY BIRD DEDICATES THE L.B.J. SPACE CENTER



WOMEN & HIS WIFE VALENTINA IN PARTICULAR



STEVIE WONDER JOINS HIS MOTHER IN L.A.

PEOPLE

sisted on being treated like an average *tovarisch* while in Kiev. At the Hotel Moskva on October Revolution Street she exchanges prepaid vouchers for her meals (breakfast: salami and cheese, two boiled eggs, black bread, fig jam, coffee—\$1.50). Next week her father Prince Philip and her fiancée Mark Phillips will join her and watch her ride in the European equestrian championships. The normally obligatory visit to Lenin's tomb in Moscow has been dropped from Philip's itinerary, perhaps in quiet recognition of the fact that he is a cousin once removed of the late Czar Nicholas II, who was murdered with his family on orders from the Lenin-led revolutionary government.

In the new movie, John the Apostle will be played by a woman and Jesus will meet Mary Magdalene in a brothel and be introduced to group sex. *The Love Affairs of Jesus Christ*, for which the Danish Ministry of Culture has appropriated some \$125,000, is already kicking up an international furor. In Copenhagen, 5,000 youthful Christians marched in protest, and from the balcony of his summer palace in Castel Gandolfo, Italy, Pope Paul spoke forcefully to a group of pilgrims about the "ignoble and blasphemous outrage." Two days later, an outfit called "Catholic Moralists" threw homemade bombs at the Rome residence of the Danish ambassador and left a note calling Denmark "the pigsty of Europe." Mean while, French authorities forbade production of the movie near Avignon as planned this autumn.

One of the songs from his new album *Innervisions* was climbing the charts ("Don't you let nobody bring you down... God is gonna show you higher ground"), and blind Singer-Composer Stevie Wonder, 23, was recuperating in Los Angeles from an automobile ac-

cident. He had been hospitalized for two weeks in Winston-Salem, N.C., but had retained his usual optimistic frame of mind, even about his brain contusion. "I was unconscious," he said. "And I was definitely for a few days in a much better spiritual place that made me aware of a lot of things that concern my life."

With the end of the war in Viet Nam, Founding Yippie Abbie Hoffman's career as a political activist seemed to be phasing out. But far from living in semiretirement in his Greenwich Village loft, the former defendant in the Chicago Eight conspiracy trial has apparently been developing a sideline. Along with three friends, Abbie, 36, was picked up in a narcotics raid on a midtown Manhattan hotel for allegedly selling three pounds of cocaine to two undercover policemen for \$36,000. "They were the most nice people you ever met in your life," said one of the narcotics, who wears a beard and long hair. "They loved us, as a matter of fact. They said we gave off good vibes." Out on \$200,000 bail, Abbie could get from 15 years to life under New York's new stricter drug laws.

It was the classic confrontation between two women wearing the same outfit—almost. The pint-size mirror image of *Bianca Jagger* was none other than *Tatum O'Neal*—wearing a long summer dress with pearls, a wide-brimmed hat and carrying Bianca's trademark, the walking stick. Bianca was about to leave for Italy, and Tatum, 9, was in London with her father Ryan to promote their movie hit *Paper Moon*. Bianca and Tatum, who have become rival models but the best of friends, turned up in their look-alike getups at the wedding reception for trendy Restaurateur Michael Chow (Mister Chow's and Chow Two) and his new wife Tina.



BIANCA JAGGER PARTIES WITH TATUM O'NEAL

Therapy Can Be Fun

The British press calls him "Sex King Cole." The Archbishop of Canterbury once attacked his teen-age sex-education film as being anti-Christian. A female M.P. has said she would like to shoot him. Undaunted, British Sexologist Martin Cole, 41, has continued his assault on British sex mores with renewed vigor. He recently expanded his Institute of Sex Education and Research in Birmingham and, this summer, rocked the nation with the news that the No. 1 teacher at the school for sex was his 25-year-old third wife Barbara.

"A quasimedical brothel," sputtered Jill Knight, Conservative M.P. for the Edgbaston constituency of Birmingham, and called for a government investigation of the institute. Cole, who is also a lecturer in genetics at Birmingham's University of Aston and operates a thriving vasectomy-and-abortion clinic, professed bewilderment at the attack. "I could keep 50 therapists busy if I had them," he said. "One in ten British men needs help with his sex life." Meanwhile, Barbara Cole and other volunteers, male and female, were busy using the Cole method to teach men and women patients how to copulate successfully. Patients at the institute are assigned to one of the volunteer therapists. After several sessions in which patient and therapist merely converse, there are four or five sessions of touching and embracing, then several more of limited genital contact and, finally, intercourse between patient and therapist.

Says Barbara Cole, who has to date logged no fewer than 50 "therapeutic" acts of coitus: "When a man of this kind, tortured and desperately unhappy, is at last able to make successful love with me, the feeling for both of us is tremendous." Her only complaint: "The life I'm leading at the moment is not conducive to having a family."

Martin Cole's academic training is in botany and zoology (he has a Ph.D in plant genetics), but he has long had an "obsessional" concern with sexual freedom. He traces it to a crisis of guilt over masturbation that he suffered at 17. "It led me to wonder what the message of my upbringing was all about," he says. "That is why I became a rebel against arbitrary authority." That rebellion has had mixed success. Cole recommended making the Pill available to eleven-year-olds but this never really caught fire. But he

was a pioneer in the fight that led to the liberalization of abortion law in Britain in 1968.

The abortions performed at Cole's clinic (126 in an average week for a fee of \$140 apiece) have helped to swell his income to around \$30,000 a year and aided him in financing his first sex movie, *Growing Up*, in 1971. The film endorses promiscuity and shows, among other graphic scenes, a 23-year-old teacher, Mrs. Jennifer Muscutt, in the act of masturbation. The film was banned in Birmingham. Mrs. Muscutt was briefly suspended from her job, and some local stalwarts demanded that Cole be fired from his university post.

Cole defends *Growing Up* as a challenge to the "basically dishonest" idea

DEREK RAYES



SEXOLOGIST COLE & WIFE BARBARA
That tremendous feeling.

that sex can be taught only as part of a "loving relationship." Sexologists, he says, do not promote this theory to "strengthen the concept of love but to desexualize sex." Because masturbation is the major outlet for both sexes while they are growing up, he asks, "why not talk about it?"

Despite a host of professional critics, who call him a charlatan, Cole has garnered some support. Says Keith Norcross, consultant surgeon at Birmingham's Royal Orthopedic Hospital: "Dr. Cole has shown great courage. He's filling a gap left by the medical profession. The women helping Dr. Cole should be given all our praise for what they are doing. They have a generosity of spirit, compassion and understanding."

Male and Female

► The latest male career to be invaded by liberated women is crime, according to Sir Leon Radzinowicz, Wolfson Professor of Criminology at England's Cambridge University. Although women have traditionally made up only one-eighth of the criminal population, Radzinowicz says, they will soon be closing the gap if the present trend continues. The trend will go on, he predicts, as long as women continue to liberate themselves from their traditional place in the home. During the World Wars, when women were forced to do tasks performed by men, their crime rate went up. "When the men came back, as they did after the wars," Radzinowicz says, "this criminality receded to its normal ratio. This is one of criminology's few laws. Any member of society who starts to take an increasing role in the economic and social life of that society will be more exposed to crime and will have more opportunities and therefore will become more vulnerable and more prone to criminal risk." Some female infractions that are on the increase: shoplifting, political terrorism and drug-induced crimes.

► Have labor-saving appliances and gadgets really freed women from housework? Joann Vanek, a sociologist at the University of Michigan, compared a series of group time-use studies conducted between 1926 and 1965, and concluded that the amount of time housewives spent on housework had remained virtually the same over 40 years, despite the introduction of many labor-saving devices during that period. Actually, Vanek found, the new appliances did save women time in specific routine tasks such as food preparation and laundry. But most of the women had apparently invented new kinds of housework to take up the slack: gourmet cooking, the direction of children's play, household management and shopping.

► Women contemplating abortion can now turn for advice to a concise and straightforward book written by a young New York mother under the auspices of Planned Parenthood of New York City. *Abortion: A Woman's Guide* (Abelard-Schuman; \$5.95 or \$2.95 paperback) begins with a discussion of the emotional complexities of terminating pregnancy, goes on to describe abortion techniques in nontechnical terms and concludes with an essay on fertility control. For those who are uneasy about abortion, there is also an index of clergy consultation services and Planned Parenthood affiliates across the country. The text is written with unusual insight and compassion, for good reason: the author, Beth Richardson Gutcheon, 28, a grandniece of Dr. John Rock, the birth control pioneer, has had two abortions herself.



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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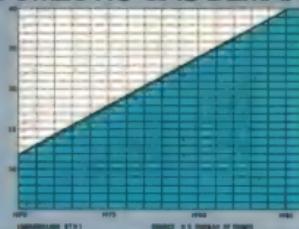
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Natural gas means jobs and goods. Even if you don't use gas yourself, you can be affected. Gas supplies 43% of the energy for industry in the United States, including fuel to generate 28% of the country's electric power. A lot of jobs and products depend on it.



Homes that have gas will be supplied. And the gas industry is working to get more gas for everyone who wants it—from new homeowners to industrial users. It's going to take time. It's going to take government cooperation. It's going to take money. But gas will still be your most economical form of energy.

Gas, clean energy for today and tomorrow

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Were We Planted Here?

After winning the Nobel Prize for helping to discover the structure of DNA, the master molecule of life, what does a scientist like Francis Crick do for an encore? He tackles something even bigger. With Leslie Orgel, of California's Salk Institute, Crick has now taken on the mystery of the origin of life. Writing in *Icarus*, a monthly devoted to studies of the solar system, the two scientists theorize that life on earth may have sprung from tiny organisms from a distant planet—sent here by spaceship at a point of deliberate act of seeding.

This bizarre-sounding theory, called "directed panspermia," by its authors, results partly from uneasiness among scientists over current explanations about how life arose spontaneously on earth. Crick and Orgel note, for example, that the element molybdenum plays a key role in many enzymatic reactions that are important to life. Yet molybdenum is a rare element, much less abundant than, say, chromium or nickel—which are relatively unimportant in biochemical reactions. Thus, because the chemical composition of organisms "must reflect to some extent the composition of the environment in which they evolved," the authors suggest that earth life could have begun on a planet where molybdenum is more abundant.

Crick and Orgel also ask why there is only one genetic code for terrestrial life. If creatures sprang to life in some great "primeval soup," as many biologists believe, it is surprising that organisms with a number of different codes do not exist. In fact, Crick and Orgel say, the existence of a single code seems to be entirely compatible with the notion that all life descended from a single instance of directed panspermia.

The seeding of terrestrial life could have been carried out by a civilization that was only slightly more advanced than man is now. In fact, Crick and Orgel estimate, man within a few decades will have nuclear rocket engines that would enable him to conduct a little panspermia of his own. Using such rockets, it would be possible to reach planets orbiting around any of thousands of stars with spacecraft carrying microorganisms, such as dormant algae and bacterial spores. Suitably protected and maintained at temperatures close to absolute zero, the organisms could be kept alive for a million years or more.

Why would man, or some distant intelligent beings, ever launch a panspermia project? To demonstrate technological capability, say Crick and Orgel—or, more probably, out of "some form of missionary zeal."

"From the 'panspermia' theory of Swedish Chemist Svante Arrhenius, who suggested in 1908 that living cells floated haphazardly through the universe, bringing life to desolate planets."

Saving Pisa's Pride

One proposal calls for supporting the fabled tower with clutches of balloons held aloft by celestial cherubs. Another advocates saving the tower by building an adjacent twin structure that tilts in the opposite direction; the towers would thus prop each other like two tottering drunks. A third suggests securing the structure with a cable anchored to a mountain range ten miles away.

These and many more of the some 5,000 suggestions received to date by a government-appointed commission to save the leaning tower of Pisa are clearly frivolous. But before a bidding deadline set for this November, the commit-

tee became so alarmed this summer in fact that it requested that the pumping of water from wells within a six-mile radius of the tower be stopped or severely restricted. The request was ignored by Pisans, who complained that a reduced water supply would greatly inconvenience the townspeople and local industry in the middle of a hot summer.

The tower, set on soft, waterlogged subsoil, began settling to one side soon after workmen began erecting it in 1173. As construction continued through the 13th and into the 14th century, builders tried unsuccessfully to compensate for the lean by adding a curve to the structure and putting more weight on the opposite side. Early in the 19th century, an architect tried pumping water from beneath the tower but found that this actually increased the tilt. In 1934 the government of Benito Mussolini tried a different approach: tons of cement were injected into the ground beneath the foundation. That too accelerated the rate of lean.

To spur on those who think that they can succeed where others have failed, the Italian government has promised a bonus of almost \$100,000 to whoever submits the winning bid. But the terms of the competition are formidable. Bidders must be capable of carrying out the work themselves. So that the value of the tower as a tourist attraction (322,000 people climbed it last year) will not be diminished, there can be no unsightly external buttressing or more than a slight correction in the tilt.

One way often suggested to meet these requirements is to freeze the soft soil under the foundation. But engineers point out that such a move

might only shift the load to lower levels of subsoil that are even softer and more likely to give way. Others, unaware of Mussolini's unsuccessful attempt, suggest injecting concrete or plastics into the ground. Then there is what seems to be the more practical plan of M.I.T. Aerospace Engineer Yao Tzi Li, who proposed ringing the tower's base with buried concrete pads. Connected to the tower by a network of trusses, the pads would in theory distribute the load over a wider area.

Whatever plan is finally picked, Licio Trevisan, director of the University of Pisa's Institute of Geology and a member of the save-the-tower committee, is convinced that quick action is needed. "Isn't it better to intervene 20 years too soon," he asks, "rather than ten minutes too late?"



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF TWIN TOWER PLAN
Like two tottering drunks.

tee hopes to cull as many as 100 serious engineering proposals from firms eager to try their hand at halting the continuing decline of the tower. Among the entries, commission members hope to find the solution that has eluded would-be tower savers for 800 years.

Time seems to be running short. The tilt of the tower, already more than 14 ft. from the perpendicular at the top, has recently begun increasing at 1½ times the normal rate.* At last count, the stresses caused by the motion have produced six major fissures in the tower's white marble and caused cracking in 94 of the 289 steps to the top. Says Ubaldo Lumini, who retired this year as Pisa's superintendent of monuments: "The tower is ill, very ill." The commission

*An average of one inch every 25 years

COVER STORY

How Bobby Runs and Talks, Talks, Talks

Billie Jean King is one of the all-time tennis greats, she's one of the superstars, she's ready for the big one, but she doesn't stand a chance against me, women's tennis is so far beneath men's tennis, that's what makes the contest with a 55-year-old man the greatest contest of all time. I went to Wimbledon this year to watch her play, I wasn't scared before, but after watching the girls at Wimbledon I may even be overconfident. You may want to ask me if I have a game plan for Billie Jean. I don't need a game plan. I'll let her start something and I'll finish it. I have such a vast assortment of tennis weapons in my arsenal that I can handle anything she can throw at me. I'll psych her out a little bit. I'm psyching her out already, she won't admit it but I can see her coming apart at the seams already...

And that, gentlemen and ladies, as Bobby Riggs likes to put it, is what is known in the trade as hustle. Which is what happens to any man, woman or child who comes within earshot of Robert Laramore Riggs, the most notorious, obstreperous and, a good many women would say, obnoxious 55-year-old adolescent in the land.

Ride down the road with him and he may bet you \$100 that you would not jump out of the car and turn a quick somersault. Hole up in a hotel room with him and he will invent a betting game that involves tossing tennis balls over a curtain rod. Ask him to play golf with a tennis racket and he will not only oblige but win. Show up at one of his tennis matches and he may line you up for a side bet. Want to play him yourself? What kind of handicap do you want? A wet Bulgarian bear riding on his shoulders? A felled yak strapped to his side? One foot cemented to the court?

Fun Guy. Bobby just might accommodate. He has gone almost that far already, playing while holding a poodle on a leash ("It's harder if the dog isn't housebroken"), while tied to his doubles partner, while running around four chairs obstructing his side of the court, while wearing an overcoat, while carrying a pail of water. In a sunburst of understatement, he says: "I'm a fun guy. I'll do anything for excitement, I'm a ham." Ham? Henny Youngman is merely a ham. Bobby is an extraterrestrial peculiarity. At the antic rate he is going, yaks and Bulgarian bears may be only a step or two away.

But first he must act out the grandest trick of all, the biggest piece of action in the 100 years of lawn-tennis

history. On the night of Sept. 20 he confronts Billie Jean King, 29, five-time Wimbledon champion and the game's premier flag bearer for women's rights, in a three-sets-out-of-five singles match in the Houston Astrodome. If only two-thirds of the stadium's 46,000 seats are filled—it may be a sellout, though ticket prices go up to \$100—the contest will still attract the largest crowd ever to attend a tennis match. ABC, which paid about \$750,000 for the TV rights (compared with a mere \$50,000 NBC put up to cover this year's Wimbledon tournament) will broadcast the event live in prime time. Bobby likes to call it "the match of the century and the battle of the sexes." Obvious as his hyperbolic propaganda has been, it has caught on.

Bobby has to win because his mouth has put him way out on the line; Billie Jean must avenge the legions of women in chains, real or imaginary, who consider Riggs a male of supernaturally loathsome porcinity. With the possible exception of a nude tag-team wrestling match pitting Burt Reynolds and Norman Mailer against Gloria Steinem and Germaine Greer, it is scarcely conceivable that any other single athletic event could burlesque the issue so outrageously. A Las Vegas casino is chartering a plane to fly in show-biz folk and high rollers. *Ms.*, the feminist magazine, plans a charter flight to make sure that Billie Jean does not lack for rooters deep in the heart of Marlboro country.

The purse is \$100,000, winner take all, but the victor will likely get a minimum of \$200,000 and the loser \$100,000 because of shares in the ancillary rights—everything from buttons (Bob-Riggs—Bleah!) to popcorn. Thus, the players pot will set a tennis record. And, though King is reluctant to join in the hoopla, though she tries to avoid responding to the sexist gambit that has become Riggs' credo (see box page 56), she is not above capitalizing on the happening. Recently she filmed an electric-shaver commercial with Riggs. Set in a Boeing 747 mock-up, the scenario has Billie Jean walking past a row of Riggs look-alikes and muttering, "I think they ought to break the mold."

Of course there is no mold. Bobby is, first, an excellent athlete, one of the best tennis players the game has seen.

But more important to his present endeavor, he is also an original—a garrulous, demonic elf, a street-shrewd promoter who has finally found a way to satisfy his gargantuan appetite for both action and attention.

It all began, James Thurber would probably say, in the Garden. Bobby Riggs, somewhat less cosmic, says that it began two years ago. He had been on



KING & RIGGS SPOOFING FOR PUBLICITY

the road gambling, hustling, playing in senior men's tennis tournaments. Upon winning a seniors' tournament in La Jolla, Calif., he received a telephone call from his second wife, Priscilla, who was in Florida. She told him much the same thing after 20 years of marriage that his first wife, the former Kay Fischer, had said after 13 uneven years: Where have you been all our wedlock?

"We had long had our problems," Riggs says of Priscilla. "My wife thought I ought to spend more time looking after my family instead of playing gin and hustling golf and tennis. She didn't think it was dignified. Once she made me go to a psychiatrist to try to cure me of my addiction, but after a couple of sessions I had him flicking cards into a hat. Then we spent time playing gin rummy."

What had set Priscilla off? According to Bobby, "She began reading books about Women's Lib, and she had liberal friends. I began to get all that stuff about 'I want to discover who I am,'

etc., etc." Priscilla Wheelan Riggs refuses to reply, but says privately that she is no radical of any kind. Women's Lib seems to have been the least of their problems, and in fact the parting was rather amiable. The Wheelan family was then sole owner of American Photograph Corp., where Bobby occupied an executive chair for many years, and Riggs unchauvinistically walked away from the marriage with a \$1,000,000 settlement from his wife. He and Priscilla have three sons and a daughter—there are two sons from his first mar-

riage—and the second Mrs. Riggs still keeps an up-to-date scrapbook on Bobby for future grandchildren. They keep in touch with each other; she remembers Bobby as a "gentle" husband and is rooting for him to beat King.

Such soft truths can scarcely tarnish Bobby's hand-tooled escutcheon (a razorback rampant on a field of Pampers). In search of a new role, he discovered that statements like "a woman's place is in the bedroom and the kitchen, in that order" got him publicity, so he kept repeating them. Then he aimed the chauvinist pitch at women's tennis. Billie Jean King and a few other leading players had been attracting attention

with their demands for better treatment and larger purses for women. King, in particular, became something of a heroine of the women's movement, although, like Mrs. Riggs, she is no ideologue. So Bobby teased King: "You insist that top women players provide a brand of tennis comparable to men's. I challenge you to prove it. I contend that you not only cannot beat a top male player, but that you can't beat me, a tired old man." Billie Jean refused the gauntlet the first time around because, she says, "we didn't need him. We were making it on our own merits."

Margaret Court, the gracious Australian ace, made the mistake of picking up Bobby's chal-

lenge and Hemingway and Waugh, have done that, but with more substance and perspective. It is arguable whether anyone—including his ex-wives, whose views of him run counter to contemporary mythology—has ever really known him. That figures. Someone who can spring forth as a full-blown pop hero in his sixth decade is bound to be elusive.

There are a few clues to what makes Bobby run. Whole libraries could be filled with psychiatric studies of ministers' sons as rips and rakehells, and Bobby belongs among them. The son of a preacher of the Church of Christ, Bobby grew up in a house that was never cursed by demon rum or cards. Four older brothers had him running races, pitching baseballs, jumping fences and swinging from trees, usually against



CAVORTING AT PRO-CELEBRITY TOURNAMENT
A demonic elf who plays like an ace.

riage—and the second Mrs. Riggs still keeps an up-to-date scrapbook on Bobby for future grandchildren. They keep in touch with each other; she remembers Bobby as a "gentle" husband and is rooting for him to beat King.

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CONSOLING MARGARET COURT ON HER MOTHER'S DAY DEFEAT

lenging, and the result was this year's Mother's Day massacre. Bobby rattled her by presenting her with a bouquet of roses before the match started. He neutralized her normally sharp attack with frustrating spins and lobs. Court did not merely lose, she disintegrated. Final score: 6-2, 6-1. Says King: "When I finally saw the film of the match and watched him present her with those roses and Margaret curtsey, I yelled 'Margaret, you idiot, you played right into his hands!' If that was me, I would have grabbed him and kissed him. He's not going to jive me. If he gets too dirty, I can get tough too."

Jive and the quest for big action have been Bobby's game since his earliest days in Los Angeles. How did he get that way? Does anyone really know if there is a real Bobby Riggs to stand up? Possibly not. Riggs is a persona constantly reinventing himself. Other men,

neighborhood boys his age, with a Saturday matinee held out as a reward. Says Riggs: "Everything was a contest, everything was a game, and I never lost that early drive to compete."

When he was twelve and swinging a racket on a court for the first time (barefoot, as he recalls, since he owned no tennis shoes) Bobby was spotted by Dr. Esther Bartosh, a university anatomy instructor and the third ranking woman player in Los Angeles. Yes, Virginia Slimmers, Bobby Riggs got his start in tennis from a woman. In fact, two women: his later instruction was taken up by Eleanor Tennant, who developed Alice Marble.

While still in his teens, Bobby became a steady winner, but he was never fully accepted by the tennis establishment. He was too blatant about breaking the amateur rule against taking illicit payments and too big in the mouth. He claims that he was at first denied a spot on the U.S. Davis Cup team, though his record warranted it. Later,

after he had taken the national singles championship twice and swept Wimbledon in 1939 (singles, men's doubles, mixed doubles), he was still not accorded the respect that contemporaries like Don Budge and Fred Perry received. He just did not look or act like a proper champion. The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association was relieved when he finally turned pro.

He was successful on the pro tour for a while, but finally quit when he realized that he was not going to beat Jack Kramer consistently. He tried tennis

promotion, beginning with Kramer and Pancho Gonzales and later with Gussie Moran. When Gussie's tour went limp, he secretly slit her famous frilled panties with a razor blade and told her about it when she was on the court. "When you stand in front of the press seats, bend over and that'll start some action." Riggs was furious when Gussie refused.

Finally he settled down with Priscilla on Long Island, sinking uneasily into obscurity and the corporate life. There was plenty of money and com-

fort, but no jollies, no applause, no reporters seeking hot copy from him. So eventually he drifted into his orbit of betting and senior tournaments. He is probably as surprised as anyone else at his rebirth this year.

That blessed event was midwifed by the match with Court and the vast interest it created in the Riggs shtik. An ecstatic Bobby suddenly captured the fame that had eluded him even when he was the nation's top amateur tennis player in the late 1930s. After he signed with Promoter Jerry Perenchio, presi-

Billie Jean King: "I'll kill him!"

Billie Jean King was restless. A knee injury had forced her to quit a tournament in New Jersey and spend a week doing therapeutic exercises at her East Coast home in Hilton Head, S.C. "I hate sitting around on my boozanga," she complained. Then who should intrude on those Friday night blabs a couple of weeks ago but Bobby Riggs, appearing yet again on TV. King listened to a few of his slurs and leaped to her feet, yelling back at the screen: "I'll kill him!"

DAVID A. LOGGIE

personifies the professional female athlete that Riggs loves to taunt.

That puts King in a difficult spot. To be the sisterhood's standard bearer in Riggs' circus is to accept a cup she would rather pass. She acknowledges that "the only reason I'm playing him is because Margaret had to go out and play like a donkey." So she is out to avenge Riggs' humiliation of Margaret Court after all, and that rankles. "I mean, if I beat him, what merit does it have? Big deal. But I don't want to lose to this guy. I don't want to lose to anybody—but Bobby Riggs? Ugh."

Uneasy about her role in the spectacle, she tries to treat her date with Bobby as a quirk in her career. This week she plays in the U.S. Open at Forest Hills. After that she flies back to Hilton Head for a \$40,000 match involving Court, Evonne Goolagong and Chris Evert. Then she is off to St. Louis for a tournament. During the week of the Riggs contest at the Astrodome, she is scheduled to compete in a Virginia Slims Tournament, also in Houston.

A brutal pace? Of course. But to Billie Jean, now 29, perpetual motion is what life is all about. Her career has been one headlong rush, though as tennis champs go she started late—at age eleven. She was a tomboy who played softball with the fellas in Long Beach, Calif. Sport, she realized, was her thing, but the demand for female shortstops was limited. Her father, a fireman, suggested that she choose tennis, swimming or golf, and she squandered \$8 on a purple racket with a velvet grip. After her first day on the courts she told her mother that she wanted to be "the best tennis player in the world."

Organized tennis then rarely encouraged competitors from the public courts, but little Miss Moffitt (her maiden name) shouldered her way through local and regional tournaments wearing a pair of homemade shorts, cursing herself on the court in most unladylike fashion and eating too much ice cream. When she was 16 she finally began private lessons; Alice Marble took her on as a protégée. Two years later, Billie Jean achieved instant recognition at Wimbledon by upsetting the top seed, Margaret Smith (later Mrs. Court)

Billie Jean attended Los Angeles State College, where she met Larry King, a pre-law student with a fair forehand. They married in 1965, and Billie Jean helped put him through law school with the under-the-table expense money she was earning on the amateur circuit. In her early days on the tour she was known as a chubby chatterbox (she once weighed 160 lbs., v. 135 now). Rhinestone-studded glasses shielded her bad eyes (20/400) and temper tantrums occasionally crippled her game.

A few years of experience smoothed out the wrinkles. She lost weight, gained poise and began acting on her conviction that the traditional dominance of the game by the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association was doing precious little for women players. She agitated for bigger purses and against antiquated restrictions that bound players to U.S.L.T.A.-sanctioned tournaments. Finally she bolted to lead a rambunctious tour two years ago. In 1971 and 1972 her annual winnings exceeded \$100,000, a record for women athletes. This year the U.S.L.T.A. finally compromised, allowing the independents to enter the tournaments they wished. And, for the first time, this season's U.S. Open will award equal prize money to men and women, thanks to a grant by a deodorant manufacturer.

Meanwhile Billie Jean and Husband-Partner Larry have pyramidized her skill and name into a tidy little conglomerate. They have a major interest in 15 tennis camps that are expected to gross \$2,000,000 in the next year. The Kings plan to publish a sports magazine aimed at the female audience. She endorses rackets, tennis shoes, toothpaste and hotcombs. She has signed a five-year contract at more than \$100,000 a year to be player-coach of the Philadelphia entry in the aborning World Team Tennis League. Larry runs their business activities from Berkeley, which means that they are apart for much of the year ("We don't have to be together all the time to be sure of each other," she says).

In Houston, of course, it will not be the business woman or the feminist or the smiling girl in the toothpaste ads against Bobby Riggs. It will be Billie Jean King, a consummate athlete who just happens to be a woman.



Whether she does or not, she is the logical champion to raise a righteous racket against the heathen. King is not merely the seasoned pro who has won five Wimbledon singles titles and two at Forest Hills. She is not only the grit player who serves, rushes and smashes as if life hung on every point. She is also the arm and brain of women's tennis, the rebel who broke some of the sport's prissy traditions and made the revolution work. Like it or not, King

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RIGGS POSING AS HENRY VIII WITH A COOPERATIVE SUSAN HOLLOWAY

dent of Tandem Productions' (*Maude, All in the Family, Sanford & Son*). Tandem sent him on a promotional trip to Beverly Hills.

Riggs went gloriously wild, even by his own feral standards. He became a sudden lover about town, acting like a sawed-off version of his old betting cronyn Errol Flynn. Making the rounds of expensive restaurants, he cuddled, nuzzled and took the phone number of every willing young thing in sight. It was as if he were acting out the fantasy in his after-shave commercial. The scenario has two tennis bunnies leaping the net to embrace him. In the closing shot, Riggs winks, tilts his tennis shade rakishly and says: "Imagine, a 55-year-old sex symbol."

Imagine indeed. As sex symbols go, Riggs is almost too outrageous even for these confused times. To be kind, if a movie is made of the life of Bobby Riggs, the part will probably not go to Warren Beatty. In fact, it should likely fall to Mickey Rooney—who has already offered his services. Riggs stands 5 ft, 7½ in., and with that peculiar waddle and a well-tinted Cesare Borgia haircut that verges on the grotesque, he seems unsuited for the role of either athlete or *bon vivant*. But the girls are around, and, since he travels a lot these days, Riggs keeps one on ice in each section of the country, pledging her the "franchise" for that particular area code. Like every other aspect of his life, sex seems to be a game with Riggs; one can almost picture him inviting a woman to join in amorous combat, two out of three falls, with an anvil tied to his waist and a goldfish bowl on his head.

In a recent session for promotional photographs, Riggs posed as legendary masterful males. He mugged in turn as Rudolph Valentino swishing a sword,

*The signing has produced legal problems. Jackie Barringer, attorney for both of the Riggs-Court and the Riggs-King match, has filed a suit against Tandem for allegedly not giving him "due attention." A more substantive suit has been filed by CBS, which presented the Riggs-Court match and insists that it was not given sufficient time to pick up its option for the upcoming clash. A hearing is scheduled for this week, but no one expects court action to stop the show.

Tarzan swinging with Jane, Henry VIII brandishing a turkey drumstick. Divers bosomy blondes sprawled at his feet, including two of his new friends, Sandra Giles and Susan Holloway. When Susan observed that "these pictures aren't very sexy," Bobby agreed and asked Susan to take off her clothes. She complied to the last thread, and Bobby Riggs Tudor began pawing like a satyr. "Wow! This is more fun than turkey legs. Turn around, honey, let them see more of you. All right. Everybody get undressed. Now the party starts." Said Susan later: "It's going to be so persuasive."

Steve Powers, 29, a friend of Bobby's son Larry, agrees. When he got to Los Angeles six weeks ago, Riggs invited himself to stay in Powers' home. He phoned, Powers recalls, and asked, "You play tennis up there on Sunday?" Yes. "Will there be girls?" Yes. Riggs moved in and within a few days took his host and several friends for more than \$2,000 in betting tennis.

Duck v. Pigeon. "He's a natural egomaniac," says Powers. "But he's been a great help in picking up girls in Beverly Hills. I get out of the car, then he comes up and bubbles a lot of nonsense, and the girls figure that anyone who knows anyone that mad can't be all bad." One such incident, however, turned out to be costly. Bobby, who had been drinking, fell asleep, and the girl walked off with \$1,800 in cash from his trousers pocket. "There wasn't even any sex," says Riggs.

In all his mad peregrinations, Riggs never neglects the main business at hand, which is to promote the match with King and, if possible, to get King's goat. He recently appeared in a pro-celebrity tournament at Forest Hills, N.Y., playing in granny rags. He even has gone so far as to call King a "loudmouth," which is rather like Linda Lovelace calling Alice Cooper an exhibitionist. Riggs promises to "psych her out of her socks." Ah, he gloats, how about this: "I get the biggest funeral wreath you ever saw, and I wear black crepe all over during the match and put a casket on the side of the court with a



AS A POT-BELLIED TARZAN
Better than turkey.

dummy in it. After she loses, I'll bury her once and for all."

When King said, "I don't care if you show up in a jock strap," Riggs had pictures made of himself clad only in a supporter. If it has contributed nothing substantial to the history of sexism in the '70s, the Riggs-King repartee has at least lent some much-needed humor. Billie Jean cannot resist getting into the spirit occasionally. She calls him "Roberta" and mocks his duck-footed waddle. "I'm pigeon-toed," she says, "so maybe this match should be billed as the duck v. the pigeon."

Neither player, of course, is an easy mark. Riggs has a number of strengths, including total concentration when he plays seriously. His slight deafness helps filter out distractions. He also claims to have an inner eye, a kind of instant pre-play that, he says, allows him to imagine every shot in his mind beforehand. "I've played Billie Jean a dozen times in my mind," he says. "Nothing she can do will be unexpected." A more tangible asset is his complete control over the racket. He can return any shot that he can reach. But, he admits, "If I'm sluggish, she can give me trouble."

Last week Riggs went into full training in San Diego, swearing off liquor and girls for the duration. He is in a regimen of roadwork and practice sets with his Boy Friday, Tennis Pro Lorne Kuhle. He is also on a vitamin-based, high-protein diet planned for him by a Los Angeles nutritionist before the Court match. The program calls for Riggs to take approximately 450 pills a day: 100 black pellets of soybean-wheat germ concentrate, 75 liver-extract pills, 75 plastic phials of pure powdered protein, smaller quantities of vitamins E, C, B1, B2, B complex, one

SPORT

vitamin A pill and several calcium pills. While claiming that "there is no way she can beat me," he also delights in tickling off King's ostensible advantages: "A better serve, more quickness, better overhead, backhand and forehand volley, more stamina." He enjoys appearing to be the underdog who cannot lose. Because the format was changed from two sets out of three to three of five—a seeming advantage for the younger player—he claims that the betting odds should drop from 8 to 5 on him to even money. (In Las Vegas, Jimmy the Greek gives Riggs the edge, 5 to 2.)

Beyond its dubious value as any kind of test of intersex athletic prowess, the entire spectacle is a fascinating display of one man's ability to exploit the times. Whether Bobby Riggs is one

tired of depressing news as anyone else) found just what it needed. Not a hero on the order of Rockne or DiMaggio, certainly, but different moments need different kinds of celebrities.

Further, Americans have always worshiped at the fountain of youth, and here is Riggs, one of the most publicized and highest paid athletes over 50 in history, telling them that F. Scott Fitzgerald was wrong and there are second sets in American lives. Says Perenchio, who also masterminded the Ali-Frazier fight: "Riggs is the Muhammad Ali of the Geritol set." As Bobby boasts: "I've got Bobby's battalions all over the country, the over-45 guys who want to see one of their own make it big. I know beating a woman isn't like winning seven gold medals. But how many old guys are there in the world? You think they can relate to Mark Spitz? They relate to me, Bobby Riggs."

Gussie Moran calls Bobby "an honest hustler." Bobby agrees. "None of the gambling I do is really hustling," he says. "A hustle implies that the result is known in advance, that you set it up. But I don't do that; if it involves games of skill, I'll take just about anything. When luck is involved I'm more cautious: I never bet on horses, and I don't like to shoot craps. What I live for is the matching of wits, the game."

Super Moocher. That self-defense, like so much else he says, is subject to rebuttal. He is full of tips on how to unnerve an opponent, how to arrange for the other person to have the sun in his eyes, how to tease a tired adversary into forgoing a legitimate rest between sets. Perhaps his own favorite hustle of all time took place when he was on a golf kick. He knew that he could beat a particular teaching pro, and so he covertly arranged for the pro to be hired by a Florida club. Then Bobby would show up regularly and challenge the pro, making heavy side bets with spectators who were looking for easy money. When he loses at a particular gimmick, he drops it from his repertory immediately. With Riggs, it is not so much how you play the game but whether you win—and how much. And, much as he loves to play the high-rolling sport, he is actually a compulsive free-loader who mooches lodgings, meals, drinks and anything else he can.

Riggs means to enjoy every moment of his second childhood, grabbing every dollar and goody within reach. He fantasizes that it will go on and on. "After Billie Jean," he says, "it'll be the Super Bowl or Rose Bowl of tennis, the Riggs spectacular once a year—the best woman player of the year, that's the one who'll have to play Bobby Riggs." He has also raved about crashing the Virginia Slims tour ("How will they keep me out? Do they want to be called female chauvinist sows?"). He wants to run this *opéra bouffe* all the way, until he is 75 or 80. And that, gentlemen and ladies, is what is known as hustle.



RIGGS FUELING UP ON VITAMINS
Obviously no Mark Spitz.

of history's greatest hustlers conning the world or just a fortunate zany defies a quick answer. He is probably a bit of both. For a guy who would not know Gloria Steinem if she tap-danced across his chest in spike heels, he has gone a long way with sexism. But a true hustler does not depend on luck, and Riggs was awfully lucky to fall into the right game at the right time. Five years ago these superheated matches could not have happened, and five years from now they would not mean anything. But Riggs, properly overaged and frivolous, came along at the confluence of two phenomena: the rise of Women's Lib and the country's need, more desperate than ever, to be entertained. Watergate, inflation, shortages—the catalogue of ills is dispiriting to contemplate. Some buffoonery and sex offer a welcome change. In Riggs the public (as well as television and the press, which get as

MILESTONES

Engaged. Major General Walter R. Tkach, 56, President Nixon's physician since 1969; and Cheryle Ann Gaillard, 27, conference director at the Western White House. It will be the second marriage for Tkach (pronounced *Takash*), the first for Gaillard.

Married. Gordon Parks, 60, photographer, novelist, poet, composer and film director (*Shaft*); and Genevieve Young, 42, executive editor at the publishing house of J.B. Lippincott and daughter of a Chinese diplomat who was killed during World War II; he for the third time, she for the second; in Pound Ridge, N.Y. A LIFE photographer from 1949 to 1970, in 1969 Parks became the first black producer-director of a major film when he brought his autobiography *The Learning Tree* to the screen for Warner Bros.-Seven Arts. Among those at the ceremony: V.K. Wellington Koo, the renowned Chinese diplomat (who is Young's step-father). Photographer David Douglas Duncan, Dancer Sono Osato and Novelist Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

Died. Michael Dunn, 38, a 3-ft. 10-in. actor of considerable stature on both stage and screen; in London. Born with a rare form of dwarfism, Dunn was determined to act; after a slow and painful start, he went on to receive a Tony nomination in 1964 for his portrayal of Cousin Lyman in Edward Albee's *Ballad of the Sad Café* and an Academy Award nomination in 1965 for his role as the hunchback in *Ship of Fools*.

Died. Carl Lerner, 61, film director (*Black Like Me*) and editor of *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, *The Swimmer*, and most recently *Klute*; of a brain tumor; in Manhattan.

Died. Eugene B. McDermott, 74, co-founder of Texas Instruments, the leading manufacturer of semiconductors, which revolutionized the electronics industry; of cancer; in Dallas. In the '30s, McDermott developed instruments used in oil exploration and remained on the geophysical side of Texas Instruments even after it moved into the military electronics field. A multimillionaire, he contributed generously to the arts and to educational institutions.

Died. Robert W. Dowling, 77, Manhattan real estate developer; following a long illness; Dowling was president and then chairman of the \$3 billion City Investing Co., laid out the basic design for a number of huge building complexes, including Parkchester in the Bronx and Pittsburgh's Gateway Center, and planned the 20,000-acre Sterling Forest cultural, scientific and residential community near Tuxedo, N.Y.

Cram Course for Med School

Like most would-be doctors, Dennis Riston, 24, of Robbins, Ill., knew that medical school was going to be tough. But Riston, a graduate of one of the nation's largest predominantly black universities, in Louisiana, was hardly prepared for the obstacles he encountered after he was accepted at Northwestern University Medical School. "It was hell," he says. "I came up the year the black man was in. But I could not cope with the pace."

Aided by Northwestern tutors, Riston finally mastered the study skills he needed to survive, and is now two years away from getting his M.D. He is more fortunate than many of the blacks and other minority-group students admitted to U.S. medical schools in the past several years. Many are graduates of small schools in the South and Southwest that did not provide the scientific background medical students must have. Others were simply unprepared for the work loads in medical school. As a result, a number of minority students have been forced to drop out.

Enrichment Program. Some medical schools, understaffed in the basic sciences and fully occupied with training qualified students, have had to let minority students succeed or fail virtually on their own. One of the most notable exceptions is Harvard University. Since 1969 it has been running a special summer cram course to teach science and biology to black, Puerto Rican and Chicano undergraduates from other colleges. The purpose of this unique enrichment program: to help members of minority groups get into medical school—and stay there.

Headed by Dr. Delano Meriwether, 30, a black hematologist, Harvard's Health Careers Summer Program accepts youngsters whose grades and motivation make them good physician and dentist material, but whose lack of finances and educational background tends to keep them out of these professions. The university has little trouble finding applicants. In the program's first year, 267 students applied and 55 were accepted. This summer 2,000 applied and 162 were allowed in. Of those in this year's class, 100 are blacks. The rest are Indians, Chicanos, U.S.-born Puerto Ricans and disadvantaged whites.

Those who are admitted to the eight-week program quickly get a taste of the rigors of medical school. Students must attend 50 to 60 hours of lectures, laboratories and tutorials in such sub-

jects as cell biology, chemistry and math. Their teachers are visiting doctors and members of the Harvard faculty. The tutors are themselves members of minority groups.

Student reaction to H.C.S.P. is understandably enthusiastic. Patrick Montoya, 21, of San Juan Pueblo, N. Mex., a senior at New Mexico Highlands University, calls the classes the most useful he has ever taken. "You get to see medical-school professors in action, to see what it will be like in medical school," he says. But he is even more impressed by his visits to hospitals affiliated with Harvard, where he can watch operations and other procedures and visit emergency rooms. "The clinical experiences helped me make up my mind about medicine," Montoya says. "I was kind of shaky before about medicine's being for me, but now I'm positive."

Harvard's program, which has a budget of \$1.1 million, offers more than education. Admissions personnel from some 40 medical schools visit the university each summer to interview prospective applicants. Few go away disappointed; the Harvard program's students have a high record of achievement. At least 70% of the graduates who have finished college are now attending medical or dental school, and most are expected to complete their education. Dr. William McLaurin, a hematologist at Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, who runs the summer program's cell-biology course, uses questions from the national medical boards to test both Harvard undergraduates and the minority-program students. The results prove that the program is a remarkable success: the H.C.S.P. group does as well in the exams as the Harvard students.



WILLIAMSON BEING FITTED WITH NEW PRESSURE-SENSITIVE ARTIFICIAL ARM

Clippinger's Arm

With its movable, spring-loaded hooks, the prosthesis fitted onto the stump of Dan Aycock's left arm two years ago was a substantial improvement over the ugly iron claw of earlier days. But the artificial arm still had a serious deficiency. Because Aycock, 38, who lost his arm in a textile-mill accident, was unable to tell how much pressure he was exerting on anything he was trying to pick up or use, he risked breaking the gauges and other delicate items that he handled on the job in a Louisburg, N.C., automobile agency. Now Aycock's problem has been solved by a new development in prosthetics: an artificial arm with feeling.

For years, engineers have tried to overcome the insensitivity of the artificial arm with a variety of devices that

produce electric shocks or emit auditory signals when pressure is put on the hooks. Dr. Frank Clippinger Jr., an orthopedist at Duke University Medical Center, tried a different approach. He coupled a strain gauge into the cable that operates the hook end of an artificial arm and wired it to a surgically implanted electrical stimulator. The stimulator, in turn, was connected directly to the median or main arm nerve; the current is perceived as a mild tingling, which by its intensity tells the wearer how much force he is exerting.

The four patients who have already been fitted with the experimental prosthesis report that it feels and performs much more like a normal hand than earlier devices. Milton Williamson, 47, an elementary school principal, used to wear clip-on bow ties; using Clippinger's arm he can now tie his own.

*Meriwether is best known for breaking the world record in the 100-yd dash in 1971 at Eugene, Ore. Because the sprint was wind-assisted, his time was not officially recognized.

"Trash with Flash"

The costumes—sequins and satins from the rubbish bins of recent history suggest a high school prom queen masquerading as a tart. The songs are renovated memories from as far back as the '20s: rockers like *Do You Want to Dance?* and *Leader of the Pack*, smoky laments like *Am I Blue?*, hubba-hubba novelties like the Andrews Sisters' *Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy*. The stage presence is an exuberantly self-aware parody of camp nostalgia and vulgarity: "Now here's another blasto from the pasto! You're gonna like this one 'cuz I shake my tits a lot!"

As a formula for a performance by a pop singer, it sounds—well, dubious. The kind of thing that might catch on, say, with a minor cult surrounding some blatantly hip homosexual nightclub. Which is exactly what happened to Singer Bette Midler 2½ years ago, when she billed herself as "the divine Miss M" and began doing such an act at Manhattan's Continental Baths, a gaily liberated Turkish bath that imports outside entertainment on weekends. But since then, Midler has left the Continental Baths far behind, and her brand of "trash with flash," as she identifies it, has made her a rising pop star of national scope.

Sellout Audience. Her first LP for Atlantic Records has sold 750,000 since its release last November; her second, just completed, will be released in October. Her income from records, concerts and club dates last year was approximately a quarter of a million dollars, and is expected to be much more this year. Last week, starting a 32-city tour, she drew a sellout crowd of 10,000 in Columbia, Md., most of whom, by the end of the show, were standing on everything from plastic Spring-O-Lators to rhinestone-studded roller skates to pay her tribute. A few days later, at the Mississippi River Festival in Edwardsville, Ill., another sell-out audience of 4,500 stamped and roared for nearly three hours for Miss M and her group, the Harlettes.

In Edwardsville, the orange-frizzed, troll-sized (5 ft. 1 in.) Midler hit the stage like a cartoon of a cyclone: "She's here," she assured her audience. "The divine Miss M is here." Actually, she was here, there and all over the stage at once—leaping, squatting, strutting, eyes popping, cakewalking at treble speed, as if she were strobe-lit from the inside. Midler has, as the French say, a world on her balcony, and it threatened to topple right out of her purple satin slip as she flounced across the stage to snipe at a mix-up by her band with dime-store hauteur: "This act is shabby, I'm telling you; tray shabby!"

Midler has been compared to everything from Dorothy Parker in drag



MIDLER BELTING IN CONCERT
A Gertrude Stein salon?

to the entire chorus line of beruffled hippos in *Fantasia*, and she shows traces of a dozen other singers: Streisand's nose and extraordinary head tones, Garland's saturation emotions and devoted homosexual following. Fanny Brice's waifish vulnerability, Joplin's floozy *ele-ganza* in attire and her tendency to egg audiences on to hysteria. But Miss M's secret is that she is not really like those others: she is *acting* like them. "I just try to have a good time and let the audience in on the secret," she says. "It's like giving a party and I am the Grande Hostesse. I always wanted to be Gertrude Stein and have a salon."

"Bette looks at her act as if it were a scene from a play," notes ex-Harlette

Gail Kantor, and she stages it as carefully as any director. She chooses all her own material, which Arranger Barry Manilow then revs up to Midler's energy level—a level, notes a friend, "about that of World War II." Most of her patter, seemingly so spontaneous, is carefully drafted with the aid of gag writers. "If I am really cooking, I cook," she explains, "but if I'm not, it is very important to give the semblance of cooking. That's what an act is."

Very Helen Morgan. Offstage, in her velvet- and chintz-laden Greenwich Village apartment, the self-styled "last of the real tacky ladies" is nothing of the sort. Bette (pronounced Bet) Midler is a nearly homely, exceedingly bright jeans-and-T-shirted young woman. The "divine" will not, of course, discuss her age, but Midler is approximately 30. She was born in Honolulu, where her father was a house painter employed by the Navy. "I was an ugly, fat little Jewish girl with problems," she recounts. "I kept trying to be like everybody else, but on me nothing worked."

After a year as a drama major at the University of Hawaii, she got a bit part in the film *Hawaii* and used the profits to pay her way to New York. Supporting herself by selling ladies' gloves in a Manhattan department store, she took (and still takes) lessons in everything—voice, dance, piano, acrobatics, acting. She spent three years on Broadway in the chorus and later as the daughter Tzeitel in *Fiddler on the Roof*, singing after the show in small showcase nightclubs. "She started out very serious and dramatic, very Helen Morgan," says Talent Manager Bill Hennessey, one of her former comedy writers and a close friend. "Once she went to the Baths, the divine Miss M came to the surface."

"The more outrageous they were, the more they liked it," says Midler. "It loosened me up." Able mimic Midler also learned to dish it out in the bathhouse customers' own argot, and today, her homosexual in-jokes seem to amuse everybody. Even with straight audiences, she can limp-wrist a laugh with a precisely dropped "Bitch!"

Since the divine Miss M is so completely a creation of Midler's, the question arises: When will it become an idea whose time has passed? Will Midler move on to a more straightforward singing career? To dramatic acting? So far, she has confined herself to the sort of cryptic hint that she dropped to a New Year's Eve concert audience in New York. "I hope you stay with me, even when I don't always do what you want me to," she said. "Next year you won't even recognize me." A St. Louis reporter asked her last week where she would like to be a year from now. Miss M replied, "I would like to be the sanitation commissioner of New York City."

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The Way It Is

When the CBS *Evening News* escalated its nightly show from 15 to 30 minutes a decade ago this week, NBC followed suit seven days later and ABC brought up the rear in January 1967. Since then, the NBC team of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley has split up, and ABC's game of anchorman roulette finally stopped spinning last year with the competitive combination of Harry Reasoner and Howard K. Smith. Only CBS's Walter Cronkite, 56, has outlasted the ten years of assassinations, riots, space shots, political conventions, elections and Viet Nam. In a business constantly crackling with meteoric rises and de-

that he was being eased out of the picture, or even that he was seriously ill, but Cronkite was back at work last week, only mildly diverted by the network hoopla surrounding his tenth anniversary as a half-hour anchorman. He did take time out, though, to talk with TIME Contributing Editor Paul Gray about the vagaries of televised news and his plans for the future:

Adjoining the newsroom set familiar to 14 million nightly viewers, Cronkite's small office is a glass-walled goldfish bowl in a sea of activity. Behind his desk rest several joking tributes, including two framed *New Yorker* cartoons (captioned on one showing a man

Indeed, over the years, several of Cronkite's pet desires have been thwarted by economics. "I wish we would do more original reporting, have a bureau in every major city feeding us story ideas daily. But we're never going to solve that matter. If we placed a man full time in, say, Kansas City, we'd pay him \$20,000 and maybe only one story of his would get on the air in a year." Similarly, Cronkite has long advocated a later hour for the evening news, either 10:30 or 11:00; such scheduling would tap the massive prime-time audience. Presently, CBS stations run the program live or on tape at a wide variety of times. "For example, Chicago puts us on at 5:30," Cronkite complains, "a bad time for an evening news show."

Irksome though such checks and restrictions may be, Cronkite shows no signs of restiveness. A recent five-year contract with CBS reportedly provides a comfortable salary (estimated in the neighborhood of \$250,000 per year), increased vacation time (three months) and the promise of becoming a consultant when he decides to hang up his earphones. That is not likely to be soon. Cronkite laughs off the rumors of his departure, says that his vacation was simply the first extended one he has enjoyed since his sophomore year in high school.

Between trips to Mexico, Haiti and Maine, he spent most of his time on Martha's Vineyard, reading, sailing and staying away from the news—although he could not resist tuning in some of the Watergate hearings and the Skylab coverage. Watching surrogates sitting in for him, had he not thought, "They're doing it all wrong?" An unexpected reply: "Not at all. I look at others and think they do a much better job on the air. I look at my tapes and shudder." Television's institutional anchorman shuddering at his own work? "I guess," he laughs, "if I were still young and really ambitious, I would have run back to New York before my vacation was over and gotten on the air before anyone noticed how much better my replacements were doing." Now that he is back, no one, it seems, noticed.

Brighter Alternatives

Across the U.S. last week, newspapers indulged in strange acts of self-denial. The Salt Lake City *Tribune* told its advertisers to buy less space. The Los Angeles *Times* cut back the number of home delivery samples it sends to non-subscribers, while both the Phoenix (Ariz.) *Gazette* and *Arizona Republic* dropped their first editions. The Western (R.I.) *Sun* ran a survey asking readers which features in the paper they would prefer to see omitted.

Behind such odd behavior lay a sudden, pinching shortage of newsprint, the



CRONKITE AT WORK & AT PLAY ON HIS BOAT
Unprecedented longevity, continued influence.

closes, Cronkite's longevity and continued influence are unprecedented.

The Cronkite image—sad eyes under luxuriant, quizzical brows, basso delivery at once stentorian and soothing—is as familiar to millions of viewers as the physiognomies of their families, yet the reason for his appeal sends analysts groping for metaphors. Chicago *Sun-Times* TV Columnist Ron Powers thinks that "somewhere in the collective consciousness of people in this country is the ideal composite face and voice of the American Man—and Cronkite has it." Paul Klein, a former audience researcher at NBC, thinks that viewers have stuck with Cronkite because his rational rhetoric provides a buffer of sanity between the often frightening news images on their screens.

The person seemingly least interested in what accounts for his phenomenal success is Cronkite himself. His recent 2½-month vacation touched off rumors

avidly facing his TV set: "OK, Cronkite, lay it on me"). Tanned, younger looking than he seems on the tube, Cronkite lounges in his chair and talks about forthcoming TV technology.

"Miniatrization of cameras and the like means that within the next ten years we'll be almost as portable as radio." Unlike some analysts, Cronkite does not believe that new electronic wizardry will render the anchorman obsolete. He voices pride that the *Evening News* "has been and will be totally lacking in showbiz gimmickry." A pattern that has worked for ten years, he insists, will not be lightly changed.

He would like to extend the evening news to an hour, admits that the idea has had a cool reception from local CBS stations—which would lose a half-hour of profitable local advertising to the network. "It will come," Cronkite says of hour-long nightly news, but not, he thinks, in the near future.

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THE PRESS

rough, lightweight paper that is daily journalism's staff of life. Around 65% comes from Canada where a nationwide rail strike last week brought major deliveries to the U.S. to a halt. That only dramatized older problems. A wet spring hampered logging operations this year, and summer strikes at many of Canada's major paper mills have reduced production from 28,000 to 22,000 tons daily.

Even the immediate settlement of the mill strikes (which does not seem likely) will not avert a shortage that may continue for three years. The problem is that while production of newsprint has remained about the same since 1970, demand has risen steadily. U.S. papers gobbed up 10.3 million tons of newsprint last year, an increase from 9.6 million tons in 1970; consumption for the first six months this year ran 5.4% higher than the 1972 rate. Caught flat-footed by this surge, neither U.S. purchasers nor Canadian suppliers see any quick solution. New paper mills are costly (\$50 million to \$100 million each) and take two to four years to build; many Canadian mills are reluctant to risk such huge investments on the relatively low profit margins (5% this year) earned by cheap newsprint.

Newspapers large and small are feeling the squeeze: last week the *Wall Street Journal* announced "a painful step," told readers it was reducing news, editorial and ad space and skimping on newsstand copies. Weeklies and smaller dailies that have no private mills, no huge standing orders with suppliers and no capacity to stockpile large quantities of newsprint were taking even more drastic steps. Some—like the Rapid City (S. Dak.) *Journal*—have already stopped publishing Saturday editions to conserve dwindling paper supplies.

Fact of Life. Other papers have continued to print all editions but have reduced out-of-state circulation or cut the number of copies distributed to newsstands, where unsold papers now seem a vanishing luxury. Other economies are being sought. The Martinsburg (W. Va.) *Journal* has compressed its editorial and comic sections down to half a page; the Hillsboro (Ore.) *Advertiser* has trimmed its obituary columns by leaving out the names of pallbearers. Seeking a brighter alternative, the Charleston (W. Va.) Sunday *Gazette-Mail* dipped into a reserve stock of tinted newsprint and ran off an edition splashed with pink, green and yellow.

As they recognize the newsprint shortage as a fact of future life, some newspapermen are concluding that economizing on paper may have its beneficial side. St. Petersburg *Times* Editor Eugene Patterson has cut back news columns by 35% and told staffers to think up ways in which stories can be fully told in less space. Says Patterson "It's a good time to look at the paper and clean out some of the deadwood we've been printing, if that's what it is."

Grass Grows More Acceptable

It could be written off to the kids last year when the city council of Ann Arbor, Mich., voted to make marijuana use a misdemeanor subject to a maximum fine of \$5, payable by mail. And this spring the radicals were apparently responsible as 60% of Berkeley, Calif., voters passed the "marijuana initiative," which ordered police to give marijuana laws "their lowest priority" and required authorization of the city council for any "arrest for possession, use or cultivation" of the weed. Both cities' policies were later knocked out. But last month in Washington, D.C., a still more revolutionary idea came from an unexpected source: the American Bar Association proposed the total removal of criminal laws against marijuana possession in small amounts.

Popular Drug. With the A.B.A. behind decriminalization of pot, can the rest of the nation be far behind? Perhaps not. Since 1971 state legislatures across the nation, with the notable exception of Rhode Island, have reduced possession of small amounts of grass from a felony to a misdemeanor. Supporting the trend are prestigious organizations like the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws (lawyers, judges, law professors and state officials who draft model legislation). The American Medical Association favors the misdemeanor penalty for possession in "insignificant" amounts, though it advocates more research on the drug. A National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse survey shows that 26 million Americans have tried grass, and 13 million are regular users.

Just how far the weed has come with the middle class since the first furtive puffs in college dormitories in the 1960s was evident at the A.B.A. convention. A year ago, Whitney North Seymour Sr., past president of the A.B.A., helped water down a decriminalization motion. This year Seymour was the first speaker in favor of the revised resolution. Says he: "Reflecting on the consequences of criminal penalties to the 20-odd million young people using marijuana, I decided that we ought to concentrate on trying to stop sales and start removing penalties for possession." Seymour was joined by a host of law-and-order spokesmen, and the motion even received personal endorsement from a representative of the hard-line National District Attorneys Association. When the votes were counted, the A.B.A. was solidly behind dropping penalties for both possession of limited quantities and "casual distribution of small amounts not for profit." The lawyers' vote showed concern that police and

courts have been busy with pot cases at the expense of more serious crime. The A.B.A. was also distressed over the dangerous legal precedent of open disregard for marijuana laws. Concluded Frank Fioramonti, legislative counsel to NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws): "When the A.B.A. delegates get around to advocating a progressive step, you know it's an idea whose time has come."

The idea has arrived in some other surprising places:

► Until this year Texas was known as a dangerous place indeed to smoke. Eight hundred marijuana offenders were in jail, serving an average sentence of 9½ years for possession. Thirteen

ing pot smoking no more criminal in Oregon than illegal parking.

Elsewhere in the country, resistance to softer pot laws continues. Though possession of marijuana in small quantities is now just a misdemeanor in Maine, police around Baxter State Park this summer are conducting a campaign to arrest campers who light more than camp fires. So far, raiders have busted more than 150 vacationers and slapped them with a total of \$40,000 in fines. In Massachusetts, despite reduced penalties for marijuana use, 47% of all drug arrests in the state are still for pot. Florida Circuit Court Judge Edward Cowart declares: "The thing that bothers me most is that authorities say they have

KEV REED...CAMERA 5



SMOKING MARIJUANA AT THE POWDER RIDGE ROCK FESTIVAL IN 1970

were in for life, and Lee Otis Johnson, a black activist arrested in 1968, was sentenced to 30 years for having passed a marijuana joint to an undercover agent. Last May the Texas legislature voted to make possession of two ounces or less of marijuana a misdemeanor punishable with a maximum six-month jail sentence and \$1,000 fine.

► In 1968 pot-smoking hippies were a key target of Atlanta police. Virtually all of Georgia drug-law enforcement resources were directed against pot. Then last year the state legislature reduced first-offense possession of one ounce or less to a misdemeanor. Today only 20% of the state's anti-drug campaign is aimed at marijuana.

► On Oct. 5, Oregon will become the first state to remove completely criminal penalties for the private possession and use of grass. The new law reclassifies possession of up to one ounce as a "violation," with a maximum penalty of a \$100 fine. Offenders will receive no criminal record, in effect mak-

yet to find someone on the hard stuff who didn't start with marijuana." Says Albert Le Bas, chief of the civil division of the Los Angeles County sheriff's office: "Our concern is that there is still conflicting medical testimony on how harmful it is to the body."

California legislators voted last year to reduce marijuana possession to a misdemeanor, but Governor Ronald Reagan vetoed the bill. State law now offers a range of penalties for first-offense pot possession from probation to a ten-year jail term. The nation's harshest drug law is New York's, making life sentences mandatory for some hard-drug offenses but leaving marijuana possession punishable as either a misdemeanor or a felony. State police officials say that enforcement will be minimal against pot smokers. Prosecution of pushers in New York, as in all other states, will remain a top priority.

It was not long ago that Keith Stroup, head of NORML, appeared to be a rather improbable lobbyist, but now



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THE NEW ERA: GHIA AND FORD MOTOR COMPANY. For the last few years, Ford Motor Company has been working with the Ghia studios to bring some of their special talents to bear on cars for the American market. Then in December, 1972, the Ghia studio became part of Ford Motor Company. They will apply their design talent and excellence to selected Ford Motor Company cars. This means that soon most new car buyers can afford an American car that offers Ghia-like attention to detail—luxury previously available only to a few.

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The Mustang II Ghia's beautifully functional instrument panel with tachometer. The following equipment is optional: AM/FM stereo with tape player, air conditioning.



The Mustang II Ghia interior with cut pile carpeting and optional velour insert seats; and optional console and automatic transmission.



The digital clock is standard on the Mustang II Ghia.



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(we listen better)**

THE LAW

he and his Washington-based organization believe that they are at the threshold of success. Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark will soon file a NORML suit in Washington federal district court arguing that the capital's pot-possession laws are unconstitutional. A favorable decision there would add credence to Stroup's prediction that marijuana may be legal nationwide by 1976.

Caveat Vendor

Stuck with another lemon? You don't have to be. Instead of sheepishly accepting faulty goods or other raw deals, take your case to small claims court. The cost can be as little as \$5; your case will reach trial within weeks, you do not need a lawyer and, best of all, you have a good chance to win.

That hopeful advice to frustrated consumers is offered by Douglas Matthews in a practical, informative new guide to using small claims courts. *Sue the B*st*ds: The Victim's Handbook* (Arbor House; \$2.95) is Matthews' timely alternative to *caveat emptor*. Small claims court is "the most effective means of complaining available" to the consumer, writes Matthews. "Any citizen, old or young, genius or jackass, can get his grievance heard fairly."

The process begins with the simple knowledge that small claims courts operate on a manageable scale. The legal red tape and intimidating complexity of most courts are absent in small claims. The trial itself usually lasts about five minutes in an informal, even friendly atmosphere. Yet decisions are binding.

For the person who decides to sue, Matthews, 28, a recent Harvard Law graduate, provides a detailed primer covering everything from what to wear in court (older women should avoid floppy hats that might make them look slightly batty) to how to consider offers of out-of-court settlement ("You may find it better to accept a reasonable compromise and be done with the matter"). Matthews instructs his readers to lay a careful groundwork by first trying every means short of court to get satisfaction. Because it can run into money, he advises against subpoenaing witnesses—unlike those in regular trials, small claims witnesses may send in signed statements instead of personally testifying. Matthews also pleads with his amateur lawyers to stay amateurs in court; nothing irritates a judge more than a novice acting like Perry Mason.

Should the opposition throw a lawyer against you, Matthews argues from personal observation that generally the judge "roots for underdogs." If you win, he outlines ways to collect. Start with polite letters, Matthews advises. "If that doesn't work it's time to call the sheriff." Concludes Matthews: "Win, lose, or draw, following the informal but venerable legal maxim of suing the b*st*ds is certainly better for psyche, soul, and society than letting yourself get steamrollered without a fight."



BLAKE QUESTIONS A DESERT PROSPECTOR IN "ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE"

CINEMA

Plastic Man

ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE

Directed by JAMES WILLIAM GUERCIO
Screenplay by ROBERT BORIS

Everything about this movie seems carefully calculated for effect. Even the director. The ubiquitous advertisements for *Electra Glide in Blue* feature the 27-year-old James William Guercio in aviator shades and high-lace boots, looking like Bogdanovich from the neck up and DeMille from the knees down. It would not matter, of course, what the ads or the director looked like if the movie deserved either of the adjectives often associated with first features—"interesting" or "promising." In its slick pomposity, though, the publicity campaign has neatly captured the essence of the film.

Guercio, who is also a record producer (Chicago: the third Blood, Sweat and Tears album), plunders other movies for ideas the way he might round up a group for a recording session. "I laid out the movie like an album," he tells interviewers. "Fast scene, slow scene, funny scene." What results is an eclectic, impersonal exercise, a market research report on fads, trends, styles.

Heading the list of *Blue's* unacknowledged credits is *Easy Rider*, with all its patchwork imitations. The script concerns a sawed-off Arizona motorcycle cop named John Wintergreen (Robert Blake) who yearns to achieve style and respect by becoming a detective like Marve Poole (Mitchell Ryan). His goonish partner Zipper (Billy Green Bush) laughs at his aspirations, but their discovery of the body of a desert old-timer who may have been associated with some drug traffic gives Wintergreen the chance to prove his stuff.

To no one's surprise but his own, Wintergreen discovers that advancement means compromise and corruption, and that the world is mean, arbitrary and crazy. At the end, trying to

do a longhair a favor, he gets blasted off the seat of his motorcycle and dies, dazed and upright, sitting in the middle of a wilderness highway like a discarded puppet.

This tinny reworking of the end of *Easy Rider* is given almost Wagnerian overtones. It is staged in Monument Valley, whose landscapes of eerie majesty have graced many a John Ford film. The camera tracks slowly back along the white divider line of the highway for minute upon minute, while a rock group intones a suitable overorchestrated threnody. Here and throughout, Conrad Hall's photography is resourceful but a little fancy. Like Guercio, he seems more concerned with embellishing a scene than getting at its essence.

Blake's performance is blunt and highly charged. Mitchell Ryan is tensely controlled except for a regrettable mad scene. But everyone else in the cast has apparently confused energy with volume, intensity with hysteria. The result might most kindly be described as dissonant. Even a record producer should have been able to spot that.

■ Jay Cocks

Quick Cuts

SIDDHARTHA is set in the India of 25 centuries ago, but it has the contemporary familiarity of a quickie weekend at Esalen. Hermann Hesse's novel has been adapted with stuporous devotion by Conrad Rooks, who in 1967 unleashed *Chappaqua*, a shambling phantasmagoria of the hallucinatory world of alcoholism and drug addiction. His skills have become no sharper in the intervening years. Siddhartha (Shashi Kapoor), as any campus sophomore would know, spends the better part of his lifetime beating the bushes in search of spiritual insight and fulfillment. It is a hard job achieving nirvana, and seems to require a great deal of sitting by babbling brooks and talking in hushed tones. For a while Siddhartha embraces

Last year, out of 44,190 engineering graduates only 405 were black.

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We've been working with educators, minority groups, technical societies, other companies and the government to plan a national attack on the problem.

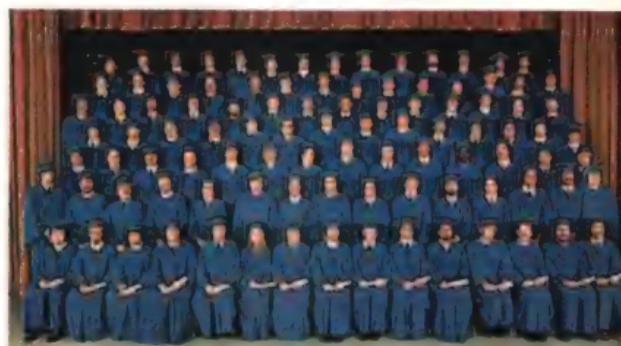
Motivating minority youth.
A lot of minority kids don't even know what an engineer is. No one's ever told them about engineers. Or about the important problems they can help solve.

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Helping minority students stay in engineering.
Many white engineering students have parents or relatives who are engineers. They've been exposed to engineers and engineering all their lives. Most minority kids don't have that

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GE is working on many programs to help fill that void. These include plans where college students divide their time between school and work at GE. Also summer job programs, plant visits and more.

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CINEMA

worldly things, including fine raiment, sumptuous food and Malala (Simi Garewal), the woman who he decries will be his "love teacher." Finally he grows discontent and makes his way back to the one wise person he has met, a man who poles a raft back and forth across a river. Siddhartha has learned, as it were, to flow with the current. Cinematographer Sven Nykvist, who has lent visual majesty to all of Ingmar Bergman's recent work, must have realized early the folly of taking all this didactic mysticism seriously. This, at least, would explain why every image is bathed in the dreamy light of a tour ad for Air India.

DILLINGER is the first feature directed by John Milius, a young screenwriter who is as well known for his self-publicizing as for his screenplays (*Jeremiah Johnson*, *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*). Sounding in interviews like a combination feudal lord, Texas land baron and bawdyhouse piano player, Milius proclaims the glories of guns, the beauties of blood lust and the masculine honor of big money. Affectation like this makes good copy and, judging from *Dillinger*, bad movies. Instead of the brash and abrasive effort that might have been expected, *Dillinger* is slack and derivative. Its main inspiration is Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde*, both in its ideas (outlaws as folk heroes, mythic celebrity as the ultimate reward of the criminal life) and its images (bloody faces pressed against car windshields, lovers in a field shaded by a cloud passing briefly across the sun). But *Bonnie and Clyde's* humor, excitement and sense of fatefulness are woefully absent. Milius, who also wrote the script, creates no real characters, only targets. He has two surpassing leading actors: Warren Oates as Dillinger and Ben Johnson as the G-man who finally does him in. His most singular accomplishment is that he manages to make them both look bad.

SHOWDOWN features Dean Martin, looking disgruntled, being pursued across New Mexico by Rock Hudson. Both men were fast friends until Rock up and married Susan Clark. Then Dean, figuring he would only be in the way, rode off into hard times. By the time the movie begins he is reduced to assisting at train robberies, an occupation that causes the citizens of the town of Cumbres considerable concern and gets Rock, the town's new sheriff, on his trail. Most of the tension here derives from watching Martin try to get through a scene. He is given a little action to keep him awake, and his dialogue has the reassuring familiarity of a Las Vegas lounge act. In one sequence, for example, Hudson gets shot in the posterior. "I'm sure glad it didn't happen to me," Martin drawls, "cause that's where my brains is." After a couple of those, one begins to wonder when the chorus girls are coming on. ■ J.C.



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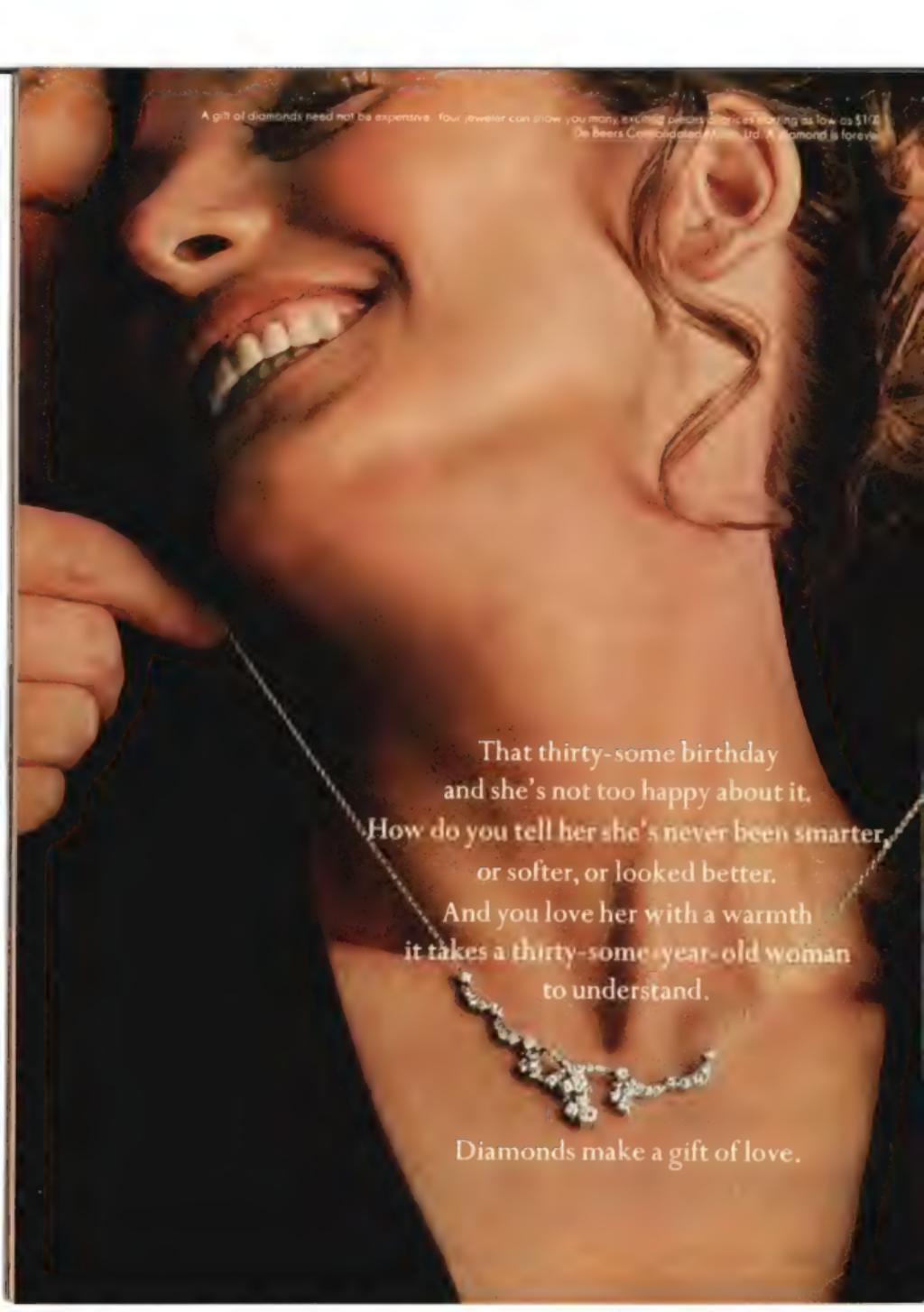
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per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. 73



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The World Council at 25

A quarter-century ago, when the delegates to the first assembly of the World Council of Churches met in Amsterdam, Swiss Theologian Karl Barth gave the ecumenical gathering a stern warning. "We are not the ones to change this evil world into a good one," he said. Yet Barth himself had found in the 1930s that his Christian conscience required him to support the defiant German "Confessing Church" in opposing Nazism.

The men who have led the World Council of Churches during the years since World War II have found the definition of their duty not easier. As the council's central committee met last week in Geneva and celebrated the organization's 25th anniversary, the conceptions of Christian witness ranged from total pacifism to the direct support of revolutionary movements.

After a quarter-century, the changes in the council were sharply defined. When it was founded in 1948, the World Council embraced 147 churches in 48 countries, and was solidly dominated by North American and Northern European members. Today it has 263 member churches in 90 countries. Four out of ten member churches are now in the Third World. At silver jubilee services in Geneva's austere medieval Cathedral of St. Pierre, the preacher who stood in John Calvin's pulpit was W.C.C. General Secretary Philip A. Potter, a West Indian Methodist and a black. When the cathedral organ was silent, Papa O'Yeah MacKenzie, a black drummer from Ghana who wore a leopard-skin jacket, played lively percussion solos.

The council's growth in breadth and numbers has not been without problems. Though conversations with Rome have increased, the prospect of official Roman Catholic membership is remote. Evangelicals both within and outside the W.C.C. question whether it has not virtually abandoned the traditional goal of spreading the Gospel. The W.C.C. has financial troubles, too. The combination of Swiss inflation and dollar devaluations has made the American and Canadian contributions—40% of the \$2,000,000 budget—worth roughly half of what they were just five years ago.

But the focus of the W.C.C. meeting was its continuing concerted attack upon racism and colonialism. The attack has been under way since 1969, when the W.C.C. began collecting and doling out funds—\$600,000 so far—as part of its Program to Combat Racism. Half the money has gone to strengthen the antidiscrimination efforts of such minorities as aborigines in Australia, Koreans in Japan and blacks, Indians and Eskimos in North America. The other half has been given to various liberation movements in Africa—including

some \$150,000 to anti-Portuguese guerrillas in Angola and Mozambique.

It was the contributions to the guerrillas that provoked the angriest criticism of the council during the past few years and that apologists defended at the Geneva meeting. The discussion centered on a 13-page report on strategies for social justice prepared by a W.C.C. study group headed by Memphis Methodist Pastor James Lawson. The report saw three "options" open to contemporary Christians: 1) Nonviolent action as the only possibility consistent with obedience to Jesus Christ; 2) Accepting the necessity of violent resistance as a Christian duty in extreme circumstances, but applying to it crite-



PHILIP POTTER SINGING IN ST. PIERRE
Something has been missing.

ria similar to those governing a "just war"; 3) Participation in already existing situations of violence by support of some kind of rebellion.

The report acknowledged that "too little attention has been given . . . to the methods and techniques of nonviolence in the struggle for a just society." But Lawson noted that nonviolent tactics too often go unnoticed or unaided. Most violence in the world, he charged, is "structural"—the violence of "racism, militarism, hunger, exploitation of people, economic inequity, war, disease, and poverty." By contrast, "revolutionary violence is a tiny percentage—and a response to systematic violence." Indeed, said Swiss Pastor Clément Barbe, assistant to Potter, revolutionary violence has been the accepted answer to such oppression. "Are the Africans in Mozambique who fight the Portuguese for their freedom any different from our Swiss ancestors who took up

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RELIGION

arms for their freedom from Austrian oppressors in 1291?" he asked.

Not all the council's members were pleased with the emphasis on liberation struggles. A message of strong support from Demetrios I, the Eastern Orthodox Ecumenical Patriarch of Constantinople, reaffirmed Orthodoxy's support for the ecumenical movement but urged it not to be overly preoccupied with "socio-political aims." The W.C.C.'s campaign against racism has raised other hackles, too, by blacklisting some 1,000 firms in Europe, North America, Australia and New Zealand for investing in or trading with South Africa. The W.C.C. itself sold \$1.5 million worth of holdings in just such firms (out of its \$3.5 million portfolio) as a "symbolic" gesture, but noted that member churches might well use their interest in such companies to influence policies instead.

The Swiss Federation of Protestant Churches took issue with the blacklist, which included 17 Swiss firms. Commenting on the churches' criticism at a meeting of the federation, Philip Potter got in a wry last word. "I rejoice that we have started a real ecumenical conversation in Switzerland," he said "Even though the World Council has its headquarters in Geneva, there is something that has been missing all these years."

A Matter of Faith

Lawrence Parker, 34, is an unemployed aerospace worker in Barstow, Calif., whose family trusts deeply in its Pentecostal faith. Though their son Wesley, 11, had been suffering from diabetes for five years, Lawrence and Alice Parker took the boy two weeks ago to their local Assembly of God church to be treated by a visiting South American minister who claimed that he had healed himself through prayer. "We believe in faith healing," says Parker. "The preacher felt that he was healed and Wesley felt that he was healed." So sure were the Parkers that the cure had worked that they threw out Wesley's insulin.

Within two days, Wesley was lapsing into periods of unconsciousness. The Rev. Gary Nash, the Parkers' pastor, came to pray, but Wesley spoke only a few words. When Alice Parker decided to buy some fresh insulin, her husband prevented her. Wesley died, and was buried last week with only an undertaker and a gravedigger looking on. His family, believing that he will be resurrected from the grave, stayed home. "I think God is letting it go this far so we can receive the most glory from this when Wesley comes back," Lawrence Parker explained. Pastor Nash, however, was shaken. "There is no reason for Jesus to resurrect this boy," he said. "I think the Parkers have been deceived by Satan." At week's end the Parkers had been arraigned on charges of manslaughter, and Wesley was still in his grave.

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed, or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 180,000 children are being assisted in 60 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes. CCF is registered with the U. S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.



...but just look at her now!

When Su May first came to a CCF Home, the other children called her "Girl-who-will-not-laugh."

And there was a reason for her sadness. Her parents were dead, her relatives didn't want her. It seemed that no one in the world loved her.

So why the big smile now? Well, Su May has discovered that someone does love her. She lives in a pretty cottage along with her new "brothers and sisters"—and has loving care from a housemother, especially trained for the difficult task of being a mother to youngsters like Su May.

And just look at her now. She doesn't have a worry in the world—but we do. Because, you see, we must find a sponsor for Su May. A sponsor who will help provide food, clothing, education—love.

And Su May is only one heartbreaking case out of thousands . . . boys and girls who are neglected, unwanted, starving, unloved. Our workers overseas have a staggering number of children desperately waiting for help—over 15,000 youngsters, that will just have to survive the best they can until we find sponsors for them.

How about you? Will you sponsor a child like Su May? The cost is only \$12 a month.

Please fill out the sponsor application below—you can indicate your preference, or let us assign you a child from our emergency list.

Then, in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of your child, and a personal history. Your child will write to you, and a housemother will send you the original and an English translation, direct from overseas.

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All the while, your use of electric service was going up. And it probably still is. If yours is the average home, you're still adding new electric appliances and equipment every year or so. For example, air conditioning, color TV, additional TV sets and radios, hi-fi systems, central vacuum cleaning systems.



Rates now going up

Unfortunately, higher rates as well as higher use will now be pushing electric bills up. As everyone knows from his own experience, almost all the costs of living and doing business have been going up substantially in recent years—the cost of fuels, building materials, all kinds of supplies, wages, interest on borrowed money, everything.

Our costs increasing

Two other cost factors have also entered the picture. One, the supplies of some of the world's fuels are growing more scarce. This is requiring us to pay much more for fuels. And it also necessitates huge expenses for research and development efforts aimed at finding new methods of power generation that conserve scarce fuels. Research and development in nuclear fuels and nuclear power plants, for example.

A second consideration is environmental control. It has become such a problem that all manufacturers—including the electric companies—are increasing efforts to help control it. We are adding equipment that removes

pollutants from our smokestack emissions. We are buying and using fuels that are cleaner but much more expensive.

These research efforts and environmental control efforts mean greatly increased costs for the electric company that serves you.

When you add all the other increased costs of bringing you dependable electricity, you can see why rates must go up. And so long as these costs continue to rise, your electric rates must continue to rise along with them.

Electricity still a good value

Your electric rates still have a long way to go before they catch up to almost everything else. Think of how much and how long electricity works for you for the price you pay each month. Then compare that price with anything else you have to buy. Even with increased rates, the electricity you use in your home remains an exceptional value.

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CATTLE FATTENING FOR SLAUGHTER IN GREELEY, COLO. WHEN THEY—AND THOUSANDS LIKE THEM—MOVE TO MARKET, BEEF PRICES MAY DROP

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

INFLATION

Overdue Drop in Food

Like the valve of a pressure cooker, Phase IV is supposed to slowly vent the explosive forces that are pushing up prices until waning demand can damp down the inflationary fire. Last week some welcome signs that the plan may work appeared. In Washington, D.C., the Cost of Living Council held unusual public hearings on price boosts requested by auto- and steelmakers, in an apparent effort to publicize its determination to allow only those increases justified by higher costs. Meanwhile, round the country, some of the heat indeed went out of the demand. Consumer resistance forced down some food prices for the first time in months.

The declines appeared mostly on chicken, eggs and pork chops. Chicken in Atlanta supermarkets dropped to 72¢ per lb., from \$1 two weeks earlier; pork chops in Los Angeles sold as low as \$1.65 per lb., down 44¢ in two weeks. In New York City, the cost of buying a market basket of foods priced weekly by the Department of Consumer Affairs fell 2%, the second consecutive drop after weeks of exceptionally steep rises.

Store managers generally agreed that consumers for the moment are refusing to buy some of the foods that have risen most sharply in price. Says Bill Walmsley, owner of Serv-U Meat Packing Co. in Los Angeles: "People back away, the supplies keep coming, the price has to drop." Beef prices so far are sticking at their highs, but Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz predicts

that they will go down at least briefly after Sept. 12, when the price freeze on beef ends and suppliers will send to market cattle that they have been holding back from slaughter.

The declines that have occurred so far have left prices still sky-high by any standards except those of the past month or so. Moreover, what little relief there has been is all too likely to prove temporary. Consumers obviously have to eat; if they switch from buying pork chops, say, to buying frankfurters, the price of pork chops may drop, but the price of frankfurters is likely to rise. In addition, the Agriculture Department reported last week that the average price of raw farm products went up a record 20% in the month ended Aug. 15; sooner or later that rise will push up prices on grocery shelves. Still, the recent declines are long-overdue proof that food prices *can* go down as well as up.

Autos Up. In other parts of the economy, the pressures are all for higher prices: the chief question is how vigorously the COLC will resist them. Automakers are likely to get the full increases of \$61 to \$106 per car that they argued for at last week's hearings. Industry officials contend that these raises will only cover the added cost of new safety features that the Government requires on 1974 models. The new cars must have stronger rear bumpers and roofs, and a system that prevents the driver from starting the engine until he fastens his seat belt.

The steel-price requests will get much closer scrutiny. Steelmakers are asking for increases of around 5% on pipe, sheet and strip. Those raises were scheduled to go into effect two months ago but were held up by the latest price freeze. Steel executives argued at last week's hearings that the increases are needed to provide money to expand their plants. Some add privately that they can present cost data that would justify a lift of 6%. Their case was weakened by unrelated but embarrassingly timed indictments handed down by a federal grand jury, charging U.S. Steel, Bethlehem, Armco and 14 smaller companies with fixing prices on certain products in Texas.

The COLC did not tip its attitude at the public hearings. One staffer, though, expresses worry that "the ripple effects of a steel-price increase are far-reaching and long-lasting," deeply affecting every industry that uses the metal in its products. One certain effect would be to magnify a second round of auto-price raises that is sure to come after the carmakers sign new wage contracts. Consequently, the COLC may possibly hold up some of the requested steel boosts.

The council has until Sept. 13 to make up its mind; the increases will go into effect automatically then unless it stops or modifies them. In reaching decision, it must weigh not only cost data but the likely effects of its ruling on business psychology. Right now that psychology is dominated by anticipation of more inflation. The National Association of Purchasing Management reported last week that 69% of its members paid higher prices for materials that they bought for their companies in August—and fully 90% expect prices to go higher still in the fall.

The people who assemble GM cars enjoy their paychecks. We're trying to find ways to help them all enjoy their work.

A lot of people who work at GM assembly plants like the work. And some don't. Wages are fair. On the average, GM hourly employees will earn \$12,500 or more this year plus \$3,000 more in fringe benefits.

But the work is demanding. It has to be. Quality standards are high. In many instances the safety of people who drive GM cars is involved. We can't afford to let down there.

Working on an assembly line will never be a "soft touch." We don't have any "easy" jobs at GM; everyone is expected to work seriously and efficiently.

The reason is that production per man hour must be kept up to keep prices down and to compete with foreign manufacturers. And quality must keep going up.

Assembly plants can be noisy. They are less noisy now than they used to be. But we're working on designing sound absorbing buildings, quieter motors and new methods for

reducing sound within buildings.

To solve present noise problems, many GM plants have a noise reducing "earplug" available to employees; it cuts out unpleasant sound without impeding the wearer's ability to hear human voice communication.

We're also studying new organizational techniques in an effort to give the people who work on the line a greater say in how the work that must be done is done and how it is apportioned.

For example, at some GM plants, people who work on the assembly line are helping to design changes in the line to accommodate the production of new models.

Meanwhile, GM must earn a profit if it is to continue to grow and change and provide more and better jobs. We have to strike a balance between those needs and the needs of the people who work on the line.

Our aim is to keep on making the work of GM employees more satisfying.

GM cares about cars.

GM cares about its people too.



GM provides employees with "earcovers" (shown above) or "earplugs" to screen out unpleasant sound in high-noise areas.

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AGRICULTURE

Farming's Golden Challenge

In shock, anger and disbelief, Americans this year have watched food scarcities drive grocery bills out of sight and the U.S. shut out eager foreign buyers by clamping export controls on soybeans and some other crops. Round the world, concern about food shortages grows. In Rome last week, Addie H. Boerma, director general of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, called officials of five major farming nations, including the U.S., to an urgent conference Sept. 20 that will consider ways to deal with a threatened global wheat pinch. U.S. agriculture, long regarded as a bottomless cornucopia whose output had to be deliberately held down, has suddenly seemed unable to turn out all the food that Americans and foreigners want to buy.

Yet the U.S. undeniably has the capability not only to maintain but also to expand its historic role as a world supplier of food—to the benefit of everybody. The present bind is all too real, but it is largely a legacy of the restrictive policies of the past. Once that legacy is shaken off, U.S. farmers can raise enough livestock, wheat and oil seeds to satisfy their fellow citizens' desire for good food at reasonable prices and meet all foreseeable foreign demand too. In a burst of optimism last week, Bud Frazier, vice president of Hennessy & Associates, a commodity brokerage firm in Chicago, declared: "This country can produce more stuff than the world can carry away."

Miraculous Capacity. Immediately, the nation can—and will—give production a big lift by putting idle cropland back into use. During the past dozen years, an average of 60 million acres of farm land, out of a total of 330 million, has been kept fallow by the operations of the price-support program. Roughly 40 million acres were released for output in time for this year's planting season. Last month President Nixon signed into law a new policy that eliminates acreage controls altogether and permits a farmer to sell his crop for whatever the market will bring; if his price falls below specified target levels, the Government will send him a check for the difference. Farmers from now on can plant their property fence-to-fence if they wish. Even with planting restrictions, this year's harvest will be one of the most bounteous ever. Official estimates put the wheat crop at 1.7 billion bu., and soybeans at 1.5 billion bu., both records.

Increasing acreage, of course, gives production only a one-shot lift. Indeed, U.S. cropland is being steadily nibbled away to make room for roads, factories and housing. The real key to all-out farm production is raising yields per acre—and in this the U.S. has a capability that is little short of miraculous.

For example, in the past 15 years, increasingly potent seeds, pesticides and fertilizers, along with ever more advanced methods and machinery, have almost doubled the average corn yield to 92 bu. an acre. On some experimental farms, yields have already reached 300 bu. Soybean yields have risen by half a bushel an acre per year for the past ten years, to about 30 bu. The Government figures that by 1985, soybean production will increase by more than 30%, to 2 billion bu., and that estimate seems low. Agronomists contend that they could double the soybean crop in a few years if adequate research funds for fertilizer studies and soil were available.



The greatest obstacle to increasing output is not technical but psychological: the farmer's traditional fear that if he grows everything he can, he will only produce a glut that will depress prices. That attitude may seem totally irrational, given the almost hysterical state of current markets, but in fact farmers have some reason for regarding the present deluge of world demand as an abnormality that will soon pass. It has been caused by an extraordinary combination of temporary factors: bad weather round the world; crop failures in Africa, Asia and the Soviet Union; a decline in the catch of the Peruvian anchovy, which is a rich animal-feed supplement; a global inflationary boom; and the decline of the dollar, which has enabled foreigners to bid high for U.S. food.

These trends combined to push up U.S. farm exports an amazing 60%, to \$13 billion, in 1972-73 alone. Export

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

demand is still rising, but nothing short of a series of malevolent miracles could prolong that pace. Already, some tendencies are at work to take the frenzy out of demand. The huge size of the American crop is allaying fears of foreign buyers, who are now likely to scale down immediate orders in the belief that supplies probably will be available later. Other nations are increasing their harvests this year. Canada's wheat crop, for instance, should weigh in at close to a record. Soviet grain output is falling short of targets, but nowhere near as disastrously as in 1972.

Golden Opportunity. Yet the U.S. farmer has little reason to doubt that over the long run, the world market will absorb as much as he can grow. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the tonnage of U.S. crop exports will climb about 60% by 1985. To begin with, world reserve stocks of wheat and some other grains have been dangerously depleted by recent crop disasters, and will have to be rebuilt.

Then, too, basic demand is constantly increasing. For example, because more and more people round the world are eating meat—especially prosperous Americans, Europeans and Japanese—trade in feed grains increases an average of 8% to 10% every year. No one can see that trend stopping. The Government reckons that Americans alone will eat 140 lbs. of beef and veal per person by 1985, up from 118 lbs. today.

Beyond that, there is the challenge of meeting the needs of the world's burgeoning population, which all but doubles in a generation. The problem is most severe in developing countries, where birth rates are highest, food supplies scariest and famine as close as the next crop failure. Last year, according to the U.N.'s Food and Agriculture Organization, farm output in 42 developing nations actually dropped by 1%. As a result, some of these countries now face outright starvation. Until the developing world can learn to tap its own fast-growing potential—and curb its runaway population growth—demand on farmers in the U.S. and other big food-growing countries will remain strong.

A continuing surge in farm exports presents the U.S. with a golden opportunity. It will help shrink the nation's disruptive payments deficit, strengthen the dollar in world markets and offset the growing cost of buying more and more oil, gas and other materials abroad. Having given up the unrealistic goal of policing the world, the U.S. can turn with enthusiasm to the more rewarding job of trying to feed it.

Choose the day. You'll save.

You can save money on your out-of-state Long Distance calls if you'll keep this rate chart in mind.

For example, look at the row labeled "Weekends."

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for coast to coast calls

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Evenings	5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sun through Fri	85¢ first 3 minutes	\$1.40 first 3 minutes	\$3.55 first 3 minutes
Nights	11 p.m. to 8 a.m. daily	35¢* first minute (minimum call)	\$1.40 minimum call (3 minutes)	\$3.55 minimum call (3 minutes)
Weekdays	8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Mon through Fri	\$1.45 first 3 minutes	\$1.85 first 3 minutes	\$3.55 first 3 minutes

Rates shown (tax is not included) are for the days, hours and durations indicated and for the types of calls specified at the head of the columns. Rates may be even less, of course, on out-of-state calls for shorter distances. Dial-it-yourself rates apply on all interstate calls within the continental U.S. (excluding Alaska) completed from a residence or business phone without operator assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone. Dial-it-yourself rates do not apply to calls originating or dialed if yourself rates to Hawaii; check your operator. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel-guest, credit-card, or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. *One minute minimum calls available only at the times shown, and additional minutes are 20¢ each: coast to coast.

PRICES

A Deep Investigation of Oil

Gasoline shortages this summer, serious threats of renewed scarcities of heating oil next winter and rising prices of petroleum products have stirred deep suspicions among the public and some Government officials about the oil industry's pricing policies. In a federal appeals court in Washington, D.C., last week, the Cost of Living Council won the right to force rollbacks of some gas-station prices. A lower court earlier had enjoined the COLC from enforcing Phase IV guidelines that would require the price cuts: they will now go into effect Sept. 8. The COLC has also demanded that Atlantic-Richfield Co. (ARCO) justify a 1¢-per-gal. increase on gasoline and a 2¢-per-gal. hike on fuel oil that the company posted Aug. 20. If the company's data do not convince the COLC that the boost was forced by increased costs, chiefly for buying imported crude oil, it may be ordered to cancel the rise. Such actions are needed, says COLC Director John Dunlop, because "rapidly increasing prices for gasoline are one of the biggest contributors to inflation in this country."

Dunlop's angry words, however, scarcely begin to indicate the depths of the trouble that the oil industry is in. In Los Angeles, the antitrust division of the Justice Department is gearing up for a broad-gauge grand jury investigation of gasoline pricing. It has subpoenaed confidential records of more than 30 oil companies, including not only ARCO but also such giants as Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, Gulf, Standard of California, Standard of Indiana, Shell, Phillips and Union. Attorneys for the companies say that summonses will also be issued soon to a number of executives. They will be called to testify about whether there was a massive conspiracy to fix wholesale and retail gasoline prices in 1971 and 1972.

The grand jury will also explore reports that a high-ranking federal official tipped the oilmen off to the 1971 price freeze in time for the companies to get their prices frozen at a high rather than a low level. The word was supposedly passed to an oil executive, who

quickly spread it throughout the industry. Some executives of independent oil companies have told investigators that they got phone calls from competitors and other industry sources advising them that the freeze was coming and urging them to get their prices up.

Prices Rise. Whether as a result of a conspiracy or through the natural workings of the marketplace, as oilmen contend, prices did in fact go up rapidly. In July 1971, the nation's largest oil firms, followed by big independent refiners, began to withdraw temporary competitive allowances (TCAs) from service stations they supply. TCAs are discounts on wholesale gas that enable a dealer to hold prices down at the pump, usually during a price war; removing them causes prices to shoot up. As TCAs came off, the national average price of regular gas rose from less than 3¢-per gal. to more than 37¢; in some markets, prices rose 6¢ per gal. in a matter of days. After the freeze went into effect Aug. 15, of course, the steep rise stopped and, in some markets, prices resumed normal sharp fluctuations.

Almost the same pattern of price rise recurred a year later. This time the move may have been triggered by strong—but unfounded—rumors that a second freeze would be imposed in mid-August 1972. During early August, TCAs were again withdrawn, first by major oil companies, then independent refiners, and prices rose about 6¢ per gal. on the West Coast. Within a week, similar rises were occurring all over the country. For the remainder of the year, the average price of regular gas sold in big cities was 1.5¢ per gal. higher at the pump than during the first seven months of 1972. Experts within the industry estimate that a 1.5¢-per-gal. boost, put into effect at all of the nation's 220,000 gas stations, would bring \$127 million a month in additional revenues to the oil industry.

Federal prosecutors are expected to tell the grand jury when it begins hearing testimony in October that the TCA withdrawals in 1971 and 1972 came after intense communication between

supposedly competitive companies, each of which feared to raise prices on its own because such an action would result in a loss of business. The Justice Department has subpoenaed telephone logs, expense accounts and diaries from the companies under investigation, indicating that it is trying to pin down alleged contacts between the firms.

Those few oilmen who will talk about the investigation hotly deny that the price jumps resulted from any conspiracy. A Texaco spokesman, for example, calls the increases "a natural firming up of prices." A Shell official concedes that his company pulled out TCAs in both 1971 and 1972 but denies that this had anything to do with what service-station operators charged for their products. "I'm afraid that we have nothing to do with retail prices," he says. "We just sell gas to independent dealers." Discontinuance of TCAs, he adds, is normal practice when a price war ends. Critics grant that it is, but insist that there was no nationwide price war whose ending would have justified removal of subsidies all over the U.S. almost simultaneously during the summers of 1971 and 1972. Moreover, they argue, the price of imported crude oil, upon which U.S. oil companies have become more dependent, went up—but not by enough to account for these steep rises.

Years may be required to determine who is right. The grand jury may decide that the Government's case does not stand up, which would end the matter right there. If, on the other hand, the grand jurors find that there is enough evidence to merit indictments against the companies, a lengthy trial would ensue. Under the Sherman Antitrust Act, individual executives could also be indicted, as were 16 officials of the steel companies accused last week of antitrust violations in Texas. Provided that the case goes to trial, an even larger battle will be waged in the court of public opinion. Oilmen have been telling a skeptical public that circumstances beyond the companies' control have brought to an end the era of abundant, relatively cheap petroleum products. They may be right, but indictment on charges of conspiring to pump up gas prices would strike a damaging blow to their credibility.

CARS LINED UP AT A LOS ANGELES SERVICE STATION LAST WEEK TO FILL UP FOR THE LONG LABOR DAY WEEKEND





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ANTI-USURY WOODCUT FROM 1850

LENDING

Useless Usury Laws

With usura hath no man a house of good stone

—Ezra Pound, *Canto XLV*

That line strikes a deep chord of almost mystical belief that is still embodied in today's anti-usury laws, which set ceilings on interest rates. All 50 U.S. states have some form of these laws. In an era when the Government counts on rising interest rates to cool an inflationary economy, they are bothersome anachronisms—or would be, if they were effective. In fact, most are so ridged with exceptions that they apply mostly to mortgage loans. In that field, though, they are causing enough trouble to indicate that Pound's line would be more accurate if it read: "Without usura hath no man a house."

The problem is that in such states as New York, New Jersey and Minnesota, usury laws limit mortgage-loan interest to about 8%. Bankers complain that in today's market, this is so unprofitable that it discourages them from making loans to finance the buying of houses. "If bankers are paying out 10% to 11% to get short-term money, and the prime rate is 9 1/2%, then they cannot lend at 8%," says Robert Greenberg, of the state real estate board in New York.

In several states, lenders are lobbying to raise the usury ceilings. They face strong opposition from critics who point out that mortgage lending has been running at a faster pace than a year ago (though it has begun to come down in the past month or so). In New Jersey, AFL-CIO officials want a rollback of permissible interest to 6%, contending this would enable people of modest incomes

to afford housing. Oliver Jones, executive vice president of the Mortgage Bankers Association, calls such attitudes "medieval."

In fact, the beliefs enshrined in the usury laws are much older than medieval. For many centuries, the term usury referred to the taking of any interest at all. The *Book of Deuteronomy* strongly prohibits collecting interest. The reason: lending to a brother in need is a duty required by love, not to be corrupted by the profits of interest. In ancient Greece, Aristotle condemned interest as "most unnatural," and early Christians deemed it sinful. Because Christians could not make interest-bearing loans in medieval Europe, borrowers turned largely to Jews. Only in the 16th century, after the Reformation and John Calvin's defense of interest under certain conditions, did lawmakers begin redefining usury as the collecting of "excessive" interest. In England, Henry VIII set an interest ceiling of 10%, which some U.S. mortgage lenders would like to see put into effect now.

Today, outside the mortgage field, U.S. usury laws are full of holes: business loans, car loans and charge accounts are almost always exempted. As borrowers have been discovering since the federal Truth in Lending law took effect in 1969, they pay as much as 20% on loans from finance companies and even 36% annual interest on mail-order loans. So long as such rates are permitted, usury laws are useless and should be scrapped.

MARKETING

So Sorry, Sony

Nettled by constant charges that Japanese businesses flood the world with exports while keeping their home markets closed to foreign competition, Sony Corp. last year ran full-page ads in U.S. newspapers offering to help American companies sell their goods in Japan. The ads were more effective than Sony had bargained for. Motorola Inc. quickly sought the Japanese giant's aid in marketing, of all things, TV sets in Japan, and embarrassed Sony executives had no choice but to comply. So, while Americans continue to buy great numbers of Sony and other Japanese TV sets, Motorola is about to give Sony some competition in the Japanese market for large-screen color TVs.

Japanese consumers are even more avid than Americans for color TV: some 70% of Japanese households have color sets, v. about 58% of U.S. homes. But Sony and other Japanese manufacturers are only beginning to offer limited

quantities of color sets with screens larger than 19 in., and many will not have mass-produced large screens ready for sale until later. But by December, Motorola plans large-scale marketing of color sets with 22-in. to 25-in. screens, to be made in the U.S., and sold in Japan through AIWA Co., which is 50% controlled by Sony.

"Right now, there are a lot of rich Japanese who want really de-luxe articles, and we feel that Motorola's big sets are perfect for the situation," says Tadahiko Sasaki, AIWA's sales promotion chief. Motorola, with its long head start on production, could undersell its rivals on their home ground. Transportation costs and Japanese taxes will raise the Tokyo price of Motorola Quasars to a range of \$750 to \$1,250, or 25% more than they cost in the U.S.—but that will still be below the introductory prices of \$1,750 to \$1,800 expected on Sony and Matsushita big-screen color TVs.

Motorola is not the only American manufacturer trying to switch TV trade channels between the U.S. and the Far East. While Taiwan factories make more than half of all the black-and-white TV sets sold in the U.S., many under Japanese brand names, RCA Corp. earlier this year signed up the Lai Fu Trading Co. to sell RCA color sets in Taiwan.

Sony and other Japanese sellers of color TV on Taiwan were again caught off guard; they are now fighting back with aggressive marketing techniques. But RCA is off to a winging start: its first shipment of color sets to Taiwan in July was 60% sold before it reached the island. Which shows, perhaps, that U.S. manufacturers hard pressed by foreign competition need not give up the fight: alert American salesmen can still find export markets in the unlikeliest places.



TAIWANESE VIEWING RCA TV'S IN TAIPEI STORE

These kids are playing in a box of tomorrow's glass bottles.



At one time or another, almost every child plays in a sand box.

What he plays in is not only the most common substance in the earth's crust, but the major substance that goes into the making of glass bottles and jars.

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Because glass is a natural product, it can be returned to the earth in virtually its original form. Because glass is a recyclable product, it can also go back to industry and be made into new containers. In addition, the glass industry today is continuing to develop new uses for waste glass such as road paving material, construction panels, bricks, insulation, terrazzo and reflective paints.

Nature invented glass. But man has perfected it. Given its natural ingredients, its packaging benefits and its environmental virtues, it's no wonder that consumer preference for glass containers continues to grow.

For a copy of 'The glass container story,' write: Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, Dept. H, 1800 K St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20006.

Glass. It's a natural.



Lost Worlds

THE BRIDGE

by D. KEITH MANO

240 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

It is not much of a favor to either writer to say that D. Keith Mano is a kind of male Joyce Carol Oates, but there are some similarities. Both novelists are young, ambitious, notably prolific, and serious about the novel as an art form. Both enjoy literary reputations that crackle along in the streets like San Francisco cable lines when no car is in sight.

The Bridge is Mano's sixth novel in five years. None of his books has been

op's Progress, the bishop and a surgeon angrily reshuffle old arguments about Christian charity. In *Horn*, a priest and a black leader dispute ethics. Now, in the new book, a fashionable venture into futurism, the author yokes a world-weary priest and a profane Noah who repopulated a ravaged world.

The Bridge is set in New York State a millennium hence, with a prologue and epilogue that occur 600 years beyond that. These short sections show a society struggling back to some kind of sufficiency after the human race has committed mass suicide during the Age of Ecology. Though comfort is meager and government insanely harsh, man is glorified as the Lord of Creation. The great annual holiday is called the Feast of Eater, honoring the legendary hero who long ago defied the order to kill himself. His name—no name is too obvious for Mano—was Dominick Priest.

The rest of the book tells Priest's story as reconstructed by one of his descendants. Mano now plunges into an entirely different culture and a whole new set of environmental details. This time a political regime, which is mercifully left sketchy, has decreed that all forms of life down to the merest microbe are equal. Any aggression, even an argument, is a criminal act. People can only ingest something called E-diet, so insubstantial that men no longer sweat, urinate or defecate. Even so, they kill certain microscopic organisms simply by breathing. The command for general suicide goes out so that "the heinous crimes of murder and pollution committed by our race may in some small way find redress."

Death Day. Dominick Priest, who was ten years old when this lunatic government took over, remembers the old days—eating, hunting, watching such naked aggression as a New York Yankee game. By semistarving himself rather than consuming debilitating E-diet, he retains some strength and resolve. Armed with a pistol stolen from a museum, he manages to outrace Death Day, and with ten members of a lesbian commune starts the awesome business of repopulating the earth. Just before the last men die, he meets an ancient priest named Xavier Paul, who introduces him to wine, hidden away through the years, and a sketchy outline of Christianity, which Dominick had never heard of. What with the wine and his own ignorance, about all he comes away with is the notion of eating and drinking the body of Christ as a religious ritual. It is the idea that will eventually take form in the Feast of Eater.

Excepting science fiction, novels set in the future almost always turn out to be traps for writers. Mano may have intended to make some comment on the tyranny of liberalism—or ecology—run

wild, but he fails to get beyond the mechanical business of detailing the societies he envisions. The ravages of the E-diet on the human body alone account for pages of clumsy scatological writing. Mano has always been obsessed by the functions and malfunctions of the body, but in earlier works like *The Life and Death of Harry Gothic*, his prose has been funnier and more focused. In the new book he finally runs out of energy, one quality he never seemed to lack before.

One ends by regretting the labor put into this unpromising exercise. It may be that not every novelistic idea should be awarded a 240-page domicile between hard covers.

■ Martha Duffy



D. KEITH MANO

more than modestly popular, but from the start he has had brilliant success with critics. An author is of course not accountable for the praise he attracts. After a while, though, it becomes questionable whether reviewers do a young writer good—Mano is 31—to compare him with the likes of Kierkegaard and Evelyn Waugh. Mano is still a writer of more promise than achievement. His strengths are energy, earnestness and a tough intelligence. But he is a stiff writer, not especially imaginative, and his overdrawn characters tend to be mere mouthpieces for ideas.

Part of Mano's success may stem from a frankly religious outlook. In these cynical, pragmatic times, nearly everyone is eager to admire religious faith—particularly if it is someone else's. Mano, an Episcopalian, is a specifically Christian novelist. In his books, God is a respected familiar; eternity is a definite place on the map. There is always an old-fashioned metaphysical confrontation. In his first novel, *Bish-*



GENERAL SMEDLEY DARLINGTON BUTLER

Go-Getters

THE PLOT TO SEIZE THE WHITE HOUSE

by JULES ARCHER

256 pages. Hawthorn. \$7.95.

Now, in the midst of Watergate, 40 years after the incident occurred, it has a certain sinister plausibility not widely evident in 1933. At the time, the newspapers reported some allegations that a big business cabal had hatched a "plot"—the headlines generally put it in quotes. Its aim was to undo F.D.R.'s power and install a "Secretary of General Affairs" to take effective control of the Executive as a dictator.

Obviously the plot failed. Jules Archer, journalist-historian, supplies some fascinating details that make the episode considerably more than a paranoid fantasy. In 1933 emissaries purporting to represent an organization called the American Liberty League ap-

BOOKS

proached a retired Marine general named Smedley Darlington Butler. The League was devoted to laissez-faire capitalism and backed by such people as the Du Ponts and J.P. Morgan. The general was offered an extravagant budget—\$3,000,000 for starters, with a possible \$300 million if necessary—to mobilize an army of 500,000 veterans and lead them to Washington, there to force Roosevelt into accepting “the popular will.” The cabal even had a man touring Europe to study the Fascists’ success with certain veterans’ groups.

Butler seemed a likely candidate—twice a winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, an authentic soldiers’ hero. But he reported the plot in detail to the House Un-American Activities Committee, then chaired by Massachusetts’ John McCormack, later Speaker of the House. At the hearings, the go-betweens denied everything, and the committee was simply afraid to call titans of finance as witnesses.

Another problem was that the whole thing seemed too preposterous a plan to be taken seriously. And it was never decided whether the important figures of finance knew what was being proposed on their behalf. The American Liberty League was finally disbanded in 1936. But Author Archer believes the plot was in earnest—and so did John McCormack, who once told Archer: “They were going to make it all sound constitutional, of course, with a high-sounding name for the dictator and a plan to make it all sound like a good American program.” ■ Lonce Morrow



MICHAEL ARLEN

MURRAY KEMPTON

18th century jive.

of State's Attorney Edward Hanrahan, who was accused—and acquitted—of conspiring to obstruct justice in investigating the facts of the police raid, in which the killings were presented as “self-defense.” Arlen surrounds his trial narrative with the atmospherics of Chicago. But it is mostly offhand, as if Arlen knows, as the reader knows, that Mike Royko has done Richard Daley better and Norman Mailer got Chicago down much better five years ago.

Murray Kempton is sometimes brilliant in his perceptions of the angry prides and prejudices and the different worlds that met in Justice John Murtagh's New York City courtroom. But *The Briar Patch* is weirdly overwritten. Kempton's high prose style often so veenerizes the drama that even the simple facts of the case become difficult to follow. The language sometimes seems a travesty of James or Gibbon undertaking to describe Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. Kempton simultaneously affects engagement and disdainful detachment, and the result occasionally leaves him drifting over the events in a kind of rhetorical blimp, watching the ghetto through opera glasses.

Kempton attempts to heighten every detail into the importance of generalized truth. “Michael Tabor,” he writes of one defendant, “had an intensity that overrode mere precedents; by mere presence, now and then unabashedly malign, he enforced the illusion that the insulted had come to vengeance.” The language is accurate enough in its grand way, but eventually the reader cares less about the defendants than about the author, gesturing here and there in a peculiar kind of 18th century jive. ■ L.M.

The Higher Pantherism

AN AMERICAN VERDICT

by MICHAEL J. ARLEN

216 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

THE BRRIAR PATCH

by MURRAY KEMPTON

282 pages. Dutton. \$7.95.

Here are two of the nation's more stylish and intelligent white writers bringing back the Black Panthers for post-mortems. Michael Arlen examines the 1969 raid in which 14 heavily armed Chicago plainclothesmen broke into a Panther headquarters and killed Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. Murray Kempton recapitulates the trial of the 21 Panthers who allegedly conspired to murder policemen and blow up New York department stores. In each case, the author's sympathies are pointedly with the Panthers.

One mystery is why both books should be so disappointing. As a television watcher for *The New Yorker* during the worst of the Viet Nam War, Arlen wrote a mordantly brilliant series of essays that have been collected in *The Living Room War*. His second book was *Exiles*, a precise and lovely memoir of his parents. But *An American Verdict* seems oddly negligent.

Arlen's principal focus is the trial

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By making the hero of this detective story a 14-year-old boy, Amis cleverly combines, in mild parody, two ultra-British literary forms—the mystery thriller with the boyhood adventure yarn. Peter Furneaux is an appealing adolescent. He is feverishly curious about sex, his own not included. He likes to stage mock military flight maneuvers with a model plane that his World War I Royal Flying Corps father naturally refers to as "an aeroplane." Mute rapture petrifies Peter



KINGSLEY AMIS
Culprits can't be dull.

before the recordings of Geraldo and his Gaucho Tango orchestra (the time is the early 1930s). Yet these are peripheral aspects of his personality. Peter's inner man is grown-up. He is vulnerable, yet not weak; discerning, yet not censorious; observant, yet not detached.

Then Mr. Inman, a neighbor, staggers across the threshold soaking wet and bleeding from the head, mutters a few incomprehensible words and pitches over dead on the sitting-room carpet. Enter the supersleuth, Colonel Manton. Curt, cerebral, glacial, sardonic. Manton is a descendant of Sherlock Holmes with a menacing whiff of Dr. Moriarity. Omniscient as God, Manton insists only that the case and the possible culprits not be dull. It isn't, and they aren't. Virtually all the suspects could have motives, and virtually all have pretty good alibis.

With Peter's help, Colonel Manton solves the crime. While Manton schools Peter as to the elusive nature of evil, an "older" woman in her 20s discreetly but thoroughly initiates him into the tangible rites of sex. If Kingsley Amis means to imply that both experiences are coeval, he does not dampen the club-room spirit by actually saying so.

*T.E. Kalem

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Heroic and useful efforts have clearly been made to put all these pictures into cohesive categories. The Table of Contents lists such topics as The Black Cause, The Soldiers, The Animals, The People, The Faddists, The Leaders, etc. Happily, in by far the largest grouping, the editors simply threw up their hands and called it *The Moment Preserved*. That, really, is what this collection of 700 great pictures from LIFE is all about. Readers, leafers-through, photography fans born and unborn, future historians, unabashed lovers of LIFE, nearly everybody's children, in fact nearly everybody, can sample one vast, extraordinary, accordion-pleated Miss-callyam spread.

Chronologically, the images stretch from the first page of the first story in the first issue—a Saturday night in Fort Peck, Mont., in 1936, where WPA workers are whooping it up at a local saloon—to a recent moment when Dick Cavett made fun of TV talk shows by interviewing Louis, his own poodle. The book embraces one Depression, five wars, five Presidents, and that picture

of Rita Hayworth in a black-bodiced, white satin nightgown. Fiorello La Guardia appears, blowing smoke rings with bemused insouciance. So does Nikita Khrushchev, shaking his fist in the face of the U.N., and a dowager named Betty Henderson, hoisting a varicose-veined calf onto a table to celebrate the opening of the Metropolitan Opera in 1947.

Much has been written about the individual still photograph: how it delights the eye, engages the mind, and encourages the imagination to brood upon it. All true enough, as this book sometimes demonstrates. Not enough has been written about the cumulative effect of images, arranged for artful purposes, as in the great innovative LIFE picture essays like W. Eugene Smith's "Country Doctor" and "Spanish Village," Leonard McCombe's "Cowboy," and Mark Kauffman's mock-heroic epic of a Marine drill instructor going about his martial business.

Inevitably, working at the difficult task of choosing a little bit of everything from 1,864 issues of the magazine, the editors of *The Best of LIFE* have offered only a sampling from such candid-picture stories. The few they did include are, like the book itself, tantalizing reminders, perhaps of the need for another book, surely of the loss suffered when LIFE closed down. ■ Timothy Foote

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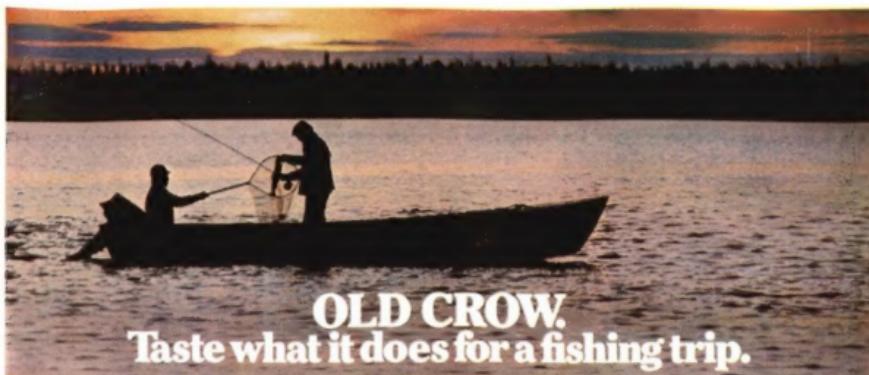


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